YOURTOWN

"No man can be in the highest sense successful unless he is a good citizen of his own city."

Truer words were never spoken.
There is more in the game of life than merely making money. Patriotism for your country is one thing. Pride in your hometown is another.

Yourtown is what you make it. It is now the pride of many honest throbbing hearts, and the model of admiring rivals of lesser note.

This is Yourtown

Now has it ever occurred to you that your gas and electric companies are "citizens" of Yourtown? That they have the interests of Yourtown at heart? Possibly it has not occurred to you, but it is true.

The gas and electric companies are a vital part of the business life of this city. They are what might be called "Industry Number One." They have proven to be big factors in the upbuilding of "Yourtown." They have helped to make it what it is today and they will co-operate with the citizens to make it—a great city.

The gas and electric companies of Yourtown have also helped to make you comfortable. The cost of utilizing electricity has decreased so much in the last ten years that it is now within the reach of the smallest wage earner. The utilization of gas for cooking has done more to make happy housewives than any other comfort entering into the home.

And do not forget, that while nearly everything entering into the cost of living has increased, the rates for gas and electricity have decreased—this despite the fact that nearly everything entering into the cost of supplying gas and electricity has also increased.

We are anxious to serve you more. Not being affiliated with any manufacturers of electrical or gas appliance, we are in a position to be guided by merit alone in the selection of those we recommend. Doesn't it seem reasonable to think that we are in a better position to tell you what is best in anything, gas or electrical, than the man or firm who manufactures or is agent for only one kind?

Think it over and phone Webster 3500 next time you want anything, gas or electrical.

The success of Yourtown depends upon the men and the industries in it. It is pride in Yourtown and its industries that counts. That means continual boosting.

And don't forget that plugging away all the time are your gas and electric companies—giving service—making you comfortable—and developing Yourtown.

THE ST. LOUIS COUNTY GAS COMPANY.

THE ELECTRIC COMPANY OF MISSOURI.

General Offices, Webster Groves
Perfect Collar Work
The Webster Laundry

To the Parents:

We desire to avail ourselves of this opportunity to announce that our Title Department examines titles to real estate anywhere in St. Louis County.

A Capital and Surplus of Quarter Million Dollars, and moreover, expert service, as your security, fortifies our certificates of titles.

The Trust Company of St. Louis County,
EAST SIDE COURT HOUSE,
CLAYTON, MO.

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty.

A. D. Bernardo
38 North Gore Avenue,
WEBSTER GROVES, MO.
SANITARY BARBER SHOP

McCurdy Brothers
HARDWARE
AND PAINTS
KITCHEN NECESSITIES
113 W. Lockwood Ave., Webster Groves
O Webster High School, and to all those in any way interested in its well-being, we, the Seniors, dedicate this book, commemorative of earnest endeavor and congenial pleasure, and prophetic of the ambitions and aspirations of the Class of 1915.
THE SENIOR.

Volume II.

The Webster Groves High School Year Book.

Webster Groves, Mo.

June, 1915.

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OUR years ago the Class of 1911 edited the first "Senior," the initial attempt at anything in the way of a year-book ever made in W. H. S. The book was a success; not only were the students of the high school intensely and actively interested in it, but all Webster, whether directly or indirectly connected with the school. This was certainly an encouraging beginning; but, owing to the lack either of funds or spirit, or, perhaps, talent, not one of the three succeeding Senior classes published a yearly. The Class of '15, being energetic enough to raise funds, having plenty of school spirit, and overflowing with talent, decided to compile a year-book. The wrangle over the choice of a name for it waxed hot and furious, but, finally, it was agreed upon to follow the precedent of the worthy Class of '11, and call it "The Senior." Volume two is slightly larger than its predecessor, as befits the second attempt. We, as a class, sincerely trust that this will not be the last "Senior" of W. H. S., and that those following will each one be larger and more splendid in matter than the preceding; but let us here warn all that, in loyal spirit, the "Senior" of 1915 cannot be surpassed.

Birds singing; trees bursting out in watery green; violets big as pansies, and that deep, velvety purple that smells so cool; old Meramec calling; moon big as all outdoors; frogs gerrumping; little breeze whishing through those new leaves; it's mighty hard to settle down to work, for spring is in the blood as well as the air. To lie in a hammock cushioned with pillows, and to look up and up, past the whispering branches barely hidden by their leafy covers, to God's clear blue above; to watch the little white clouds float by in fluffy billows; to dream vague, pleasant dreams of impossible somethings; this is all the heart desires. For these are truly lazy days; and lazy days do not inspire "les idees"—except of woods, and trickling, ripply brooklets; and patches of mottled, shadowy sunshine; or hills, white with daisies, and stretches of breezy brightness. It is joy to merely be alive, and to breathe the sparkling air, and hear and see the myriads of creatures astir around one. And this IS life, for—why, it's Spring!
HUGH M. GILMORE, Superintendent.
FRANCES NORRIS, French and German.

EUGENIA NOLAN, History.

MARY M. SMITH, English and Latin.

J. T. HIXSON, Principal.

IRENE WAUGH, History and English.
LUCILE FURNAS,
Girls' Physical Training and English.

C. A. ROBERTS,
Mathematics.

FRANCES SMITH,
Domestic Science.

ELIZABETH RAINBOW,
Latin.

J. H. HATTON,
Science.

H. B. BRYANT,
Spanish, French and Mathematics.

BERTHA WRIGHT,
English and History.

GEORGE WEBER,
Manual Training.

J. W. DRYE,
Commercial Department.

MARThA B. CLARK,
Librarian.
ROY V. SHELDON.

Delphi Club. President Delphi 1913; Vice-President Dramatic 1914; President of Class 1914-15.

His speech was a fine sample on the whole Of rhetoric, which the learned call "rigmarole."

RUTH HELENE SALVETER.

Dramatic Club. Secretary Arena 1912; Vice-President Dramatic Club 1914; Critic Arena 1911-12; Vice-President Class 1914-15. B. C. S. C. Class Play.

All beaming with light as those young features are, There's a light 'round thy heart that is lovelier far.

LAURA CATHERINE PICKEL.

Dramatic Club. Secretary Dramatic Club 1913-14; Class Basket Ball Team 1913-14; Secretary Class 1914-15. B. C. S. C. Class Play; Year Book Staff.

To know her is to love her.

ALVAH WINSLOW CLAYTON.

Dramatic Club. Secretary Athenian Club 1914; Treasurer Class 1915; "W" Rifle Team 1912-13-14; "W" Football 1913-14; "W" Track 1914; Vice-President Athletic Association 1914; Year Book Staff.

He's an all around good fellow And one who's hard to beat.
BRONSON S. BARROWS.
Athenian Club. Class Play.
They conquer who believe they can.

MARVIN J. BEARD.
Debating Club. Class Play.
Be always as merry as ever you can
For no one delights in a sorrowful man.

ISABELLA BEATTIE.
Dramatic Club. B. C. S. C.
Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.

BESSIE N. BROWN.
Arena Club.
Of manners gentle, of affection mild;
In wit quite wise, simplicity a child.

SARAH NETTIE BURCH.
Philomathian Club.
O this learning, what a thing it is!

THOMAS STOWERS BURNETT.
Debating Club. Vice-President Delphi. Class Play.
He was in logic a great critic
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
CAROL ELIZABETH COGGESHALL.
Dramatic Club. Captain Class Basket Ball Team 1913-14.
B. C. S. C.
Thy voice is sweet as if it took
Its music from thy face.

WINIFRED DUNCAN CLARK.
Dramatic Club. B. C. S. C. Year Book Staff; Class Play.
For a spirit as pure as hers
Is always pure, e'en while it err.

MARY ESTHER DARLEY.
Dramatic Club. Class Basket Ball Team 1913-14.
B. C. S. C. Assistant Editor Year Book; Class Play.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.

EDWARD F. CUSHING.
Dramatic Club. President Arena 1913; "W" Football 1914;
"W" Basket Ball 1914; Year Book Staff.
What'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

MONTELLA DIETRICH.
B. C. S. C. Class Play; Year Book Staff.
She touches nothing but she adds a charm.

EMILY S. DOUGHERTY.
Dramatic Club. Secretary Delphi 1912; Year Book Staff.
For if she will, she will—you may depend on't.
And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't.
JEANNETTE ANTONIA FISCHER.
Philomathian Club. Secretary Philomathian 1913-14.
A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy matter to find.

ROBERT KENNEDY GORDON.
Debating Club. "W" Track 1914; Class Play; Year Book Staff. President 1914 Debating Club; Debating Vice President 1915.
There was a manhood in his look.

CHARLES A. GRAY.
Dramatic Club. President Arena Club 1913; Treasurer Arena 1913; Secretary of Athletic Association 1914; Vice-President Arena 1914; President Class 1913-14; President Dramatic Club 1914; Business Manager of Year Book.
Worth, courage and honor
These, indeed, your sustenance and birthright are.

WILLIAM DONALD GROVE.
Dramatic Club. President Class 1911-12; President Athenian Club 1914; Class Play; Year Book Staff.
O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect.

CATHERINE RICE HAINER.
Dramatic Club. Secretary Dramatic Club 1914.
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

LAURA LOUISE HART.
Dramatic Club. B. C. S. C.
Fair Nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refined.
VIOLA HELEN KORHAMMER.
Delphi. Delphi Critic 1914.
She came and went like a pleasant thought.

HELEN JOHNSTON KROPP.
Dramatic Club. Vice-President Philomathian 1911-12;
Secretary Philomathian 1912. B. C. S. C. Class Play.
When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea
That you might ever do nothing but that.

CLIFTON P. LACEY.
Dramatic Club. President Philomathian 1913;
"W" Basket Ball 1913-14; "W" Football 1913; "W"
Track 1912-13-14; "W" Baseball 1912-13-14; Treasurer
Class 1913-14; President Athletic Association 1914;
Year Book Staff.
Men of few words are the best men.

WARREN S. MILLER.
Athenian Club. Vice-President Class 1911-12; Presi-
dent of Class 1912-13; Visc. President Athenian 1913;
Treasurer Athenian 1913; President Athenian 1914;
Critic Athenian 1912; Treasurer Athenian 1914; "W"
Football 1914. Class Play; Year Book Staff.
The modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "gentleman."

MARY MARGARET NOBLE.
Dramatic Club. Secretary Class 1913-14. B. C. S. C.
Class Play; Year Book Staff.
I am sure care's an enemy to life.

ELLA MARY OWINGS.
Delphi. Secretary Delphi 1913; Curator
Delphi 1914; Vice-President Delphi 1914-15. B. C.
S. C. Class Play; Year Book Staff.
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.
MAURINE PAYNE.
Delphi Club.
With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those
Who in life's sunny valley lie sheltered and warm.

MERLE GUNNARD PETERSON.
Athenian Club. "W" Track 1913; President Athenian 1915.
Titles of honour add not to his worth
Who is himself an honour to his title.

EDNA C. SCHULZ.
Athenian Club. Treasurer Athenian 1913; Vice-President Athenian 1914; Secretary
Athenian 1915. B. C. S. C. Year Book Staff.
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shin'd.

CORDELL STEVENS SMITH.
Debating Club. "W" Baseball 1912-13-14; "W" Basket Ball 1913-14; "W" Track
1913-14.
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

MARIAN DRANE SMITH.
Sweet thoughts are mirrored in her face
And every motion is a grace.
EDWARD M. STEVENSON.
A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

OLIVER R. TAYLOR.
Delphi Club. Vice-President Delphi 1913; President Delphi 1914; Year Book Staff.
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

VERNON C. TODD.
Philomathian Club. Secretary Philomathian 1913-14; Vice-President Philomathian 1915
I never dare to write as funny as I can.

FLORENCE CECelia WADDock.
Delphi Club. B. C. S. C.
Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

LOUISE K. WALSH.
Dramatic Club. Treasurer Philomathian 1912; Secretary Philomathian 1912; Treasurer
Dramatic 1915; Class Basket Ball Team 1913-14. Year Book Staff.
From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly.
HANLEY WEISER
Debating Club. Secretary Debating Club 1914. Year Book Staff.
And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

ELGIE DRICHER WELLER.
Philomathian Club. Class Play.
A form more fair, a face more sweet
Ne' er hath it been my lot to meet.

CLARA WALTON WRIGHT.
Your silence most offends me
And to be merry best becomes you.

MCLEAN SPAFFORD YOUNG.
Athenian Club. Vice-President of Class 1913-14; Secretary Class 1912-13; Secretary of Athenian 1914. B. C. S. C. Editor-in-chief of Year Book.
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Leash witchcraft to the instrumental strings.

HAROLD J. BELSEY.
Debating Club. Critic Delphi 1912; Vice-President Debating Club 1914; President
Debating Club 1915.
There may be greater than he
But I don't believe it.
The Prophet from the Planet of Promise

To begin with, Fate had decreed it. Not that I should be the chosen one, but that somebody should, and I just happened along at the psychological moment. Moreover, it all happened in a most extraordinary manner, and its mystery will remain unsolved unless you can disclose it. Listen!

The day was extremely warm, and I had sought the shade of a birch tree by the river. There was scarcely a sound in the woods save the monotonous hammer of a wood-pecker. My book was most uninteresting, so presently, I began to throw pebbles into the river, and fell to wondering why woodpeckers peck, and if fish do not get tired of swimming, and many other nonsensical things. Then a butterfly rested on a fallen tree near me, and I watched it absently mindedly, until a buzzing sound, high above my head, attracted my attention. Looking up, I saw something that resembled a huge bird, rapidly descending. Of course I wanted to run, but I was so frightened that I could not move. Then, as the giant bird came closer to earth, I realized, with no little shame, that it was only an aeroplane. Reassured at this, I stood up, that I might see it the better, and watched it alight in an open space, scarcely fifty yards away. But what was my surprise at seeing a little, bent, white-haired old man step to the ground, you can only try to imagine. The queerest of all, though—and I am telling this just as I saw it—was, that his hair touched his shoulders, and his beard swept the ground. He peered about him, into the bushes and behind the trees, until he caught sight of me, and then my courage went to zero, and I leaned against my birch tree, as he came tottering, hurrying, toward me. In the midst of my agitation, I was thinking of that long beard, and that he ought to hold it up, especially as he was in such a hurry, when, crash! he had stepped on it, and lay flat on the ground. Before I could reach him he was on his feet again, with his aviators' cap in his hand, and making me the grandest of bows.

"Good afternoon," he said, politely, "I hope I have not kept you waiting. The weather was unfavorable at Mars, and I was unavoidably detained."

"Oh!" I said, breathlessly, "do you live on Mars?"

"No indeed!" he replied, drawing himself up with dignity, "I only stopped there to keep an engagement. I am a native of the Planet of Promise, which moves in the orbit called Nowhere, and I am known as the Universal Class Prophet. But come, we are wasting time! There is a cloud driving toward us from the west, and we will have to hurry."

"But where? You must have made a mistake. I had no engagement with you."

"No," he said, with assurance, "but you see, you were the first one of your class that I met; so you must go with me."

Time had passed. I could not tell how long, but we were flying through space with incredible speed, just this little, withered old man and I. We had passed by scores of planets; some green and beautiful, others bare and unattractive. We had passed safely through rain clouds and snow, and still we sped on.

"How soon will we be there, Mr. Prophet?" I asked.

"Look," he said, pointing downward, "you can see it now; that is the Planet of Promise."

As we came nearer, my companion handed me a small telescope, telling me to look closely at the world below us. I looked, and then drew back in surprise.

"Why, that is the Earth!" I said. "I see someone I know down there."

The Prophet smiled serenely. "I expected you to say that," he said. "You must remember that the Planet of Promise moves in the orbit of Nowhere. It can assume the likeness of any planet I desire, for the purpose of telling class prophecies."

"But you," I began, "you live there."

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I am really nobody."

This was a painful subject; so I looked through the telescope again.

"Well!" I ejaculated, "what do you suppose Winifred is doing? Why, she is associating with the most disreputable kind of people. Who would ever have thought she would come to this? What IS she doing, Mr. Prophet?"

"Social settlement work," he replied, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "She has married a good-natured Englishman, who is not averse to changing his pounds into dollars for her to spend them this way. They are both very happy."

"Indeed?" I said, "and who is her companion?"
"That," said the Prophet, "is Laura Pickel. She is interested in the work too, but her specialty is looking after the children of the poor. She is married to a young American. There he comes now. He is rising rapidly in the business world. Now look over the city, at the net-work of street car lines," he continued, "is it not an improvement over the old? The Manchester cars run three minutes apart, and they are REGULAR."

I looked at my astonishment, and the Prophet continued: "Cordell Smith, your old classmate, owns the Company now. He also owns half of Webster, by the way."

"Why, Mr. Prophet," I said, changing the subject abruptly, "there are two people I know coming out of that office building. Why, they are so interested in their conversation that they nearly upset that old woman with the basket—Ken Gordon and Oliver Taylor, well! Is there anything wrong with them, Mr. Prophet?"

"Not radically," he replied, smiling. "They are only talking about their newest invention. You see, Edison will have to die some day, and they are preparing to take his place. Just now, they are working on a pendulum of perpetual motion. Now look! They are parting on the corner, and Mr. Taylor is going to take a car. Watch it until he gets off."

The car sped on toward the West End, and finally, when it stopped before a large building surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, Oliver alighted.

"Why is he going in there, Mr. Prophet?" I asked. "Oh, I see! The sign over the gate says, 'Miss Owing's Seminary for Young Ladies.'"

There were a number of people on the lawn, and among them I recognized Ella. Then I realized that I knew them all, and asked the Prophet why they were there.

"Well," he said, "Miss Fischer and Miss Beattie are teachers of foreign languages. Miss Wright teaches Domestic Science, and Miss Brown teaches English. Their school is quite a success, and a very attractive place in appearance, is it not? But we must look at something else. "Over there is—"

But I interrupted him again. "Wait a minute, please, I see something very peculiar."

And indeed I did. A poster on a bill board read like this:

At The Shubert Next Week,

HAMLET,

Played by Bronson Barrows, America's Greatest Tragedian.

And immediately next to it was another, quite as startling:

Coming To The Olympic!

THERE'S WORLD'S FAMOUS DANCERS,

Warren Miller and Helen Kropp.

"Well! Strange things will happen," I said, with a sigh. "What did you want to show me, Mr. Prophet?"

"If you will look over there, you will see a large hospital, and three ladies who have just come out of the main building, and are walking down the street. They are nurses. Do you know any of them?"

"Every one," I said quickly. "Elcie Weller, Florence Waddock, and Maurice Payne. They are going into the prettiest little bungalow. Who lives there?"

"Emily Dougherty. But she is married now. She makes a perfect housekeeper, and finds time for her art, besides. Viola lives in the bungalow next door. There she comes now. She is going to Emily's, too."

Soon they all came out, and started down the street, and I, as usual, turned to my Prophet for an explanation. "They are going to Grand Opera," he said, "to hear Harold Belsey sing. You know he has made a reputation to rival Caruso's."

"Oh dear, I can't realize it all! But look—quick! Did you see that funny-looking man with the donkey? I am sure I don't know him!"

"Yes you do. That is an old class-mate of yours." "No, indeed!" I hastened to assure him. "This is going too far. I never went to school with a clown, or a donkey, either!"

"Not so fast," said my friend. "That clown is a gentleman in disguise. Nobody knows his identity. It was his affection for his donkey that led him to adopt this manner of making his living. His name is Vernon Todd."

"But come! We will look at something else. Can you read the letters off that door?"

he asked, pointing to a tall building on Olive Street.


"Right, and a well-known firm it is. They are working, just now, on the four-million-dollar Sugar Trust case. Now look further down the street, and tell me if you see a name you recognize." "Dr. Beard, Physician and Osteopath!" I exclaimed.

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“Now, look again at the residence portion of the city,” said the Prophet, and he pointed out two pretty homes, side by side. “In that house lives your friend, Montelle. Her husband is a lawyer, and it is said that she writes up half of his speeches. Next door lives Esther, and she is happily married, too. She spends her spare time in writing, and has done a great deal of good through her pen. But it is growing late. We have a long journey before us, and there is one more thing that we must see.” The old man turned his aeroplane, and we dropped a little nearer the Planet of Promise.

“Do you see a large house in that direction, with a long line of machines before it?” he asked. “Very well. Now, do you see a rose garden, in which are gaily-dressed people standing in groups and sitting at tea tables? Look closely, and tell me if you know any of them.”

One exclamation followed another, as I recognized old acquaintances, until my companion again commanded my attention.

“Now listen, while I tell you about them. First, there is Mary Margaret. That is her home, and the tall, blue-eyed man beside her is her husband. He may well be proud of his wife, for he has married an artist, a writer, and many other talented people, all in one. She is giving this tea in honor of two celebrated prima donnas, who are visiting her for a few days. There they are, perhaps you have already recognized them as Carol and Ruth.”

“Now there is a group in which you may be interested. McLean is the central figure, and her friends are congratulating her on her latest literary success. Clifton Lacy is holding a magazine in his hand, and they all seem to be talking at once, as he turns the pages. Besides McLean’s story, there are other features of the book to interest you. Clifton is pointing out a very learned article written by no other than Stowers Burnett, professor of history in a well-known University, and calls attention to the fact that most of the illustrations are drawn by Ed Stevenson, and that Hanley Weiser is the editor. The fact is,” the Prophet continued, “Mr. Lacy is causing quite a sensation, himself. He has just returned from Harvard, where he has been football coach for two years.” “Hurry and get your breath, Mr. Prophet,” I said, as he paused, “and tell me about the others.”

“Well,” he went on, “there is Charlee Gray. He is home on leave of absence from Turkey, where he has been in the diplomatic service of the United States. Just now he is telling about having seen Donald in France not long ago. Donald is serving his country, too, albeit it is secret service. And there is Edward Cushing talking to Miss Salveter. He is president of the biggest railroad in the country. Do you see Laura Louise? She is married to the Mayor of St. Louis. There he is, talking to Catherine Hainer and Louise Walsh. Catherine is a famous poet, and Louise is the acknowledged society leader of St. Louis. Now here comes the hostess to join the group. Edna Shultz and Merle Peterson are with her. Edna is president of the Humane Society, and Mr. Peterson has become a celebrated civil engineer. If we were not so far away, you could hear Mary Margaret telling her guests the news she has had of Sarah Burch. But I know, and I will tell you about it. Sarah is growing sugar beets in Nebraska, and is soon going to marry a big beet-sugar manufacturer.”

“Strange things will happen,” I said again, and watched the gay party until the guests began to leave.

I had quite forgotten where I was, and that there were such things as time and distance. But presently the Prophet broke the silence. “That is all. The Planet of Promise has shown you all it can, and we must go. It is growing late, and I see the clouds scurrying about Jupiter as if a strong wind were blowing. The nearest route to Earth leads us past Jupiter, and we may be caught in a storm if we do not hurry.”

We rose rapidly, and took a straight course in the direction from which we had come. I had seen many surprising things, and I was still thinking about them. Then I began to wonder. There was something I did not quite understand, and I finally decided to ask the Prophet about it. “Mr. Prophet,” I began cautiously, “you have shown me many wonderful sights, but I think there is one thing you have forgotten.” For the first time, my friend’s face took on a stern expression; but I went on undaunted: “I am wondering what will become of me.”

I do not know what happened. I only know that it happened quickly. I found myself on the ground under a birch tree, as I had been when I was watching the butterfly. The sun was under a cloud, and worst of all, it was raining. I looked about, confusedly, but saw neither aeroplane or Prophet. I gazed blankly at the sky, but all I saw was an ominous-looking cloud. A tremendous peal of thunder recalled me to my senses, and I picked up my book and started off. But still I was wondering over my recent journey.

“Anyway,” I said at last, and this is the only decision I’ve ever reached, “the Prophet was STUPENDOUSLY angry.”

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MARIAN DRANE SMITH, ’15.
CLASS POEM.

Three years and more we've labored here
With hearts so full of hope and cheer,
We've seen ahead through distance dim
The conquests gained by brain and vim.
We ne'er have known the least of fear,
But impulse true and vision clear,
Have led us, in the earnest strife,
To glean the best there is in life.
We brought with us from all the Grades
The conquests gained by boys and maids;
Our banner over all we thrust—
That banner never trailed the dust;
On all occasions did we try
To raise our Webster pennant high.
Indeed, we would not ever sigh
If we could nail it to the sky.
In football fierce, our team was there;
No honors did it ever share;
In basket-ball we led the fight,
And honors brought to Blue and White.
In games of all kinds on the field.
'Twas not our custom e'er to yield.
For, when the foe, advancing, came,
And boasted o'er its unwon fame,
We were impartial, ever just—
We made them grovel in the dust.
For feats of intellect and talents rare,
No class with us can e'er compare;
In essay contest, and debate,
Our name will stand for all that's great.
But now our time is nearly past;
The moments, crowding thick and fast,
Impress upon our eager mind,
That we, henceforth, alone must climb
To dizzy heights, or places low,
On pinion swift, or gliding slow.
We, like young fledglings in the nest,
Within these halls have been at rest;
But, o'er the edge, with glances sly,
Have looked, and longed our wings to try.
Our four years cndcd is, at last;
Our history now is of the past;
Whate'er we've done of bad or good,
We could not change it if we would;
We may not be, nor do we care,
Fit subjects for the Golden Stair,
Our record, made of deed or tongue,
Marks not the kind that e'er die young.
Of honor bright, and right good will,
A volume we could easily fill;
When we have left these dear old Halls,
And the Spirit of the High School calls,
T’will see how quick we will give heed
In keen response of word and deed.
Oh, Alma Mater, great and good,
You’ve done the very best you could;
You’ve nourished us, and made us strong,
To battle in life’s busy throng;
We give you all the honor due,
And dip with joy the White and Blue.
But hark! alas, the trumpet calls,
And bids us leave these dear old halls,
To battle in the world of strife,
In various chosen paths of life;
At these familiar portals dear,
We wait a last good word of cheer.
In union there is strength, they say,
That helps along on life’s highway—
Pledge, we make, that when in danger,
Classmate will not mean a stranger—
And on our High School will rely,
O’er us to keep a watchful eye.

CATHARINE RICE HAINER, ’15.

June 9, 1914.
With others.
the Junior Class
President
had to hasen!
WE, the members of the Senior Class of Webster Groves High School, realizing that we are soon to pass from these halls of learning, wherein, as in the world, thieves will steal and things neglected lose their value, upon the eve of our entrance into that far and unknown world which lies beyond our school days, being still in our right mind, do hereby make our last will and testament.

ITEM To each and every person in any way connected with this institution for the promotion of knowledge, we leave our very best regards.

ITEM To the high and mighty Juniors we leave our earnest example, hoping that they will profit thereby, and follow closely in our footsteps.

ITEM To the Sophomores we will bequeath our very largest hats, our gaudy ties, brilliant hair ribbons, vanity cases, and such-like necessities to that stage of infantine development. Moreover, to these same Sophs, we leave our old notebooks and ponies, but take no further responsibility for their use.

ITEM To the young and innocent Freshmen we do bequeath the right to furnish the whole school with paper, pencils, and other necessaries in daily school life.

ITEM To the whole school we give the right to fill up the vacancies we leave in that great and highly respected organization, "The Confederation of Bums."

ITEM To Mr. Hixson we extend our thanks for his patient guidance through our High School life, and give him a hundred smiles to use in cases of emergency.

ITEM To Miss Nolen we leave a thousand volumes of dry and tedious outside reading.

ITEM To Mr. Hatton we will a chemistry class which will refrain from bursting out in peals of laughter, thereby disturbing the unity of thought.

ITEM To Miss Mary Smith we give the privilege of telling each class in turn that it is the best she ever had, and take this opportunity to promise her that we will never tell those who follow that she said the same of us.

ITEM To Miss Norris we will a first year German class, which will make a hundred every day.

ITEM To Mr. Drye we leave the privilege of discoursing upon all topics of interest, and especially the coming styles, for the express benefit of the lunch counter patrons.

ITEM To Mrs. Clark we give a volume of compiled classics, the Senior Year-book of 1915, for diligent research work in the library.

ITEM To Miss Rainbow we will a study hall so still and void of whispers, that the clock can be heard to tick at any time, and a pin can be heard to fall in the farthest corner of the room! sh! sh!

ITEM To Mr. Bryant we do bequeath the privilege of playing his clarinet for assembly without apology, and bestow upon him our heartiest thanks for his highly appreciated performance on the graphonola.

ITEM To Miss Frances Smith we leave a recipe entitled "The Doughnut That Didn't Sink."

ITEM To Mr. Roberts we will a winning team at Trig.

ITEM To Miss Waugh we give a small booklet entitled, "The Coy Art of Dancing."

ITEM To Miss Furnas we bequeath a megaphone, that her voice may be heard more distinctly.

ITEM To Miss Wright we give a large assortment of rubber soles, to be used by the students of the first Study Hall Class.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we set our hand and seal, this thirty-first day of March, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

THE CLASS OF 1915.
The Senior Class of every year has felt called upon to thrust its dramatic ability or lack of ability, whatever the case may be, upon the patient public. The Class of 1915, like its predecessors, flattered itself that a similar task was its duty and pleasure. Consequently, the President, Roy Sheldon, appointed a committee to perform the onerous labor of selecting a play for presentation. The committee knew well the lofty literary ideals of the Class of 1915—ideals nurtured and inculcated by the Webster School—and accordingly selected "The Cricket on the Hearth" from the master-hand of Dickens.

The committee not only showed its wise discretion in the selection of the play, but likewise in the choice of a strong cast. Mary Margaret Noble, as little Dot, was the very incarnation of love, devotion, youth, and beauty. The audience felt that Dot was no longer a creature of imagination, but a real flesh and blood woman standing before their eyes.

Stowers Burnett, as John Perribingle, in costume and manner, was true to the Dickenses' type, and the sincerity and depth of his acting left the tender impression of a strong character which triumphs over suspicion.

Donald Grove, who played so cleverly the role of Caleb Plummer, displayed remarkable dramatic ability, and the deep pathos of his interpretation touched the hearts of his sympathetic audience.

For Bronson Barrows I predict a great future if he should choose the stage for his life work. He showed himself a real and versatile delineator of human character, when he obliterated his own kind, noble nature, and assumed so ably the selfishness and unrelenting avarice of Gruff and Tackleton. I rejoice that the author allowed him some softening of his brusqueness at the conclusion.

Winifred Clark, as Tilly Slowboy, often turned the tears of the audience to hearty laughter, and evinced remarkable powers as a comedian. If I were sure that Cupid would not interfere, I think I should seriously advise Miss Clark's joining some vaudeville circuit.

Dear old prim Mrs. Fielding (Montelle Dietrich) made us really lament that the indigo trade didn't materialize. Mrs. Fielding's graceful daughter, May (Helen Kropp),—well, no one blamed her for deserting the moneyed Tackleton and marrying the handsome and most attractive Edward Plummer, which role Warren Miller found no difficulty in performing.

Kennett Gordon and Marian Smith were charming as Mr. and Mrs. Dot. Marvin Beard, the Porter, was the cheerful bearer of the news of Tackleton's reformation.

Ruth Salveter's rendition of Bertha Plummer, the blind girl—well, she leaves that criticism to the generous charity of her audience for decision.

The sweet sympathy and tender counsel of the spirit of the Cricket, (Ella Owings), could not but persuade John Perribingle to see the fairies (Laura Pickel, Elsie Weller and Esther Darley) hovering over his household, preserving its unity, its love, its holiness.

The play was a great success. We shall remember it always with joy. The success was not due alone, however, to the efficient selecting committee and the talented cast. To Edward Cushing and Charles Gray, the skillful and patient stage managers, and to McLean Young, the able musician of the evening, is due a large part of the praise for this artistic accomplishment.

RUTH H. SALVETER,—15.
THE JUNIOR PROM.

For years it has been an acceptable and appropriate custom of the Juniors to show their respect to their Seniors (for the Seniors of any school are superior to the underclassmen in years, experience, and knowledge) by offering them some form of entertainment worthy of the high position of both classes. In the majority of the schools "Proms" are given, and, in spite of the fact that Webster Groves usually tries to be slightly different, one might say original, this year the Juniors humbly offered their so-called better's a wonderful dance in the new High School gym.

For months the lower class planned, and discussed plans, to make this affair the most brilliant of the 1915 social year. Weeks ahead one could tell in a single glance which girl had received a "bid," which girl was expectant, and which was utterly devoid of hope. The question of clothes could be heard on every side; the idea of dress suits for the boys was discussed by both sexes. Decorations, refreshments, favors, and music were a few of the things handled very competently by Junior committees. Indeed, an air of expectant excitement pervaded the corridors and class rooms of the entire building.

In one thing only had Fate planned differently than these zealous workers. "February the thirteenth, a rainy day," was written in large letters in her book. In spite of this, the merry crowd cast the rainy spirit from its heart and enjoyed to its fullness the brightness within.

As one entered the roomy building, the large doors, decorated with a great Yale blue and white 1915, seemed to extend arms of welcome, and to enjoy and smile with the merry crowd. At one end of the gym was the Senior banner, and directly opposite was that of the Juniors; festoons of blue and white were draped from the high ceiling, and garlanded along the walls.

Pretty blue and white caps, distributed with the dainty refreshments, were worn all the evening, and were kept as remembrances of the most delightful affair of 1915.

The music—indeed, words can not describe it; and not only the music, but even the musicians, seemed very attractive; it was noticed that the boys took especial delight in the drum, and the girls—in the pianist, with his foolish and comic antics.

But best of all was the dancing itself. Imagine fifty trotting couples (for the days of gliding are over), the girls in their stunning light dresses, and the boys in their dark suits; imagine the laughter, and the buzzing of joyous voices; imagine the mingling of students and faculty (for indeed it was quite noticeable that each teacher was quite as popular as the prettiest young girl, and that one professor at least was attracted by the manner in which one Senior girl danced and used her eyes). Imagine all this. Double it. Treble it, and still you could not measure the amount of pleasure which was enjoyed that evening.

Now do you wonder that the Seniors owe the Juniors an everlasting debt of gratitude, one which can never be repaid, for the wonderful time of February the thirteenth, 1915?

HELEN J. KROPP, '15.

From Dramatic Club Paper—in report on Junior-Senior dance: "—so glad to see so many of the faculty present, and to see some few participate in the dancing.—As to Mr. Bryant's dancing, ask a fair-haired Senior girl."

Mr. Healey: "Are there any color waves in a dark surface?"
Professor Hatton: "Of course not."
Mr. Healey, blushing: "Well, then, how is it that a colored man is usually dark?"
Professor Hatton: "Dark thoughts."

A dumb man went into a store and bought a wheel and spoke. 

When cupid hits the mark, he generally "Mrs." it.

"Father, I'd like to talk to you about my course in school—"
Father, engrossed in sporting page: "Tell your mother, my boy, I'm busy."
"Mother, I took up the study of Chemistry. I now find that I was wrong; however, it is not too late; I may still take astronomy—"
"No, son," answered the wise mother, looking him straight in the eye; "you'll have to find a better excuse than that for staying out late at night."

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A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR.

SEPTEMBER.

As we half reluctantly, half eagerly walked up the broad walk leading to our High School on Monday morning, September 14th, we noticed that everything was in its usual “spick and span” order: and if it had not been for an occasional “new jay” imitating his upper classmen in his actions and attitudes, we could have imagined ourselves returning after a week-end holiday instead of a three months’ vacation. Thus the school term began. After a few days our genial greetings had given out, and we resorted to our classes as our sole form of amusement. In small groups, here and there, on the campus the likelihood of a championship Football team was enthusiastically discussed, and many tales were told of neat tackles and mighty line plunges made in former football games. At length plans were worked out for class championship games to be played in October.

OCTOBER.

The following menu was served to the football team at intervals during the month:

**Entrees.**
- Ferguson, 0—12
- Maplewood, 0—6

**Cold Meats.**
- Central High School, 6—0
- Manual Training School, 12—0
- Smith Academy, 6—0

**Dessert.**
- Ranken S. M. A., 0—24
- Christian Brothers College—Academies, 0—35

The Junior Class annexed the Football championship. After a hard fought contest they defeated the strong Senior team 6—0; and the Sophomores ended the month by defeating the Freshmen.

NOVEMBER.

Well, “we’re here because we’re here,” and we don’t blame it on the faculty at all, for during this month the first quarter ends, and after a stiff “exam,” many students decide abruptly to drop Latin, etc. Some few go even so far as to permanently retreat. Those who are lucky enough to escape the scourge of the faculty, i.e. “exams,” sigh heavily, and continue as before. Every afternoon until Thanksgiving, the fleet foot of the half-frozen football team treated the few isolated spectators to a near marathon as they sped to and fro and back to “to” again. Likewise, in the gym the prospective basket-ball players eagerly chased the ball through its bounding course from basket to basket.

DECEMBER.

We returned after Thanksgiving with different degrees of indigestion, varying with the amount of turkey which had come our way. The next few weeks were spent in conditioning ourselves for Xmas dinners.

The Basketball team distinguished itself this month by defeating the Maplewood and Alumnal teams. In the next game, however, the McKinley lads handed it to our team with “head, heart, and hand.” After the Maplewood game, it was our privilege to enjoy the first of our dances in the gym. It was a howling success, with its round of pretty girls, and explanations as to “how a fellow of your build hadn’t made the basketball team.” The music was furnished by Gruen’s “Ochestra,” and many a fair couple were compelled to forsake the Terpsichorean art, and listen in a trance to the harmonious strains. Finally, on Thursday, December 23rd, we abandoned our intellectual pursuits and sallied forth to the social whirl.

JANUARY.

Most of the students returned rather promptly, with the greater part of their excellent resolutions already hopelessly broken. However, we know for sure that the “Feuser’s Team,” which had been holding a two weeks’ meet in the Monday Club hall and private residences, came back solemnly swearing that they would attend no more Tea Dansants for a long time. This resolution was also soon broken, since a basketball game and dance were scheduled for early in the month, and, after some little reflection, they decided to take part in the dancing, or, as Mr. Hamlet puts it, “The native hue of resolutions was sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought” (inserted for the sole appreciation of Miss Mary Smith).
It was during this month that the Junior and Senior girls copied the Freshmen, and appeared with their hair hanging down their backs and large butterfly bows tied neatly at regular intervals around it. The cause of this childish hairdress is wholly unknown, and the mystery ranks with “How old is Ann?” We were deprived of the presence of Prof. Hatton, B. S. during the latter part of this month, owing to the illness of his Sciatic nerve. But now there loomed up before us that grim reaper, final examinations, and so all frivolous thoughts were laid aside, and naught remained but the burning of midnight oil.

FEBRUARY.

Basketball was supreme. The girl’s interclass games kept the court hot, while the school team had a very busy month, defeating such teams as Smith Academy, Ferguson, Maplewood, and Manual. The Junior Class royally entertained the Seniors with a dance in the gym on the 13th of this month, and, though the night was a trifle stormy, the guests and hosts stepped around lively to the excellent music. The only thing lacking was a cage to cover “Terry” for besides being very playful, he was so attractive that many Junior girls “clustering around” the piano claimed his attention much to the disgust of their beau. We were all too tired to be sleepy and too sleepy to mind, and so we danced until the musicians deciding that we wanted too much for our money, quit. Thus ended one of the most delightful evenings spent during the year, and we only wish that the Juniors in their turn may be as well entertained as the Class of 1915.

MARCH.

Is there any one in Webster High who does not know what happened during that month? We hope not. Now, for the benefit of those who do not go to W. H. S. the story must be told.——Webster won the County Basketball Championship by defeating Kirkwood two games out of a possible three. The victories were overwhelming, and the defeat occurred on a played off tie; therefore, Webster has good reason for being proud of its championship team. On the 28th of this month, the Sophomore class royally entertained themselves with a dance in the gym and, although it was not so well provided with refreshments as the Junior-Senior dance, an excellent time was enjoyed by all present. The experience derived from the preparation of this dance will enable the new Juniors to entertain the Class of ’16 in the manner they rightly deserve.

APRIL.

The Baseball team could be seen most every night during this month practicing on the Campus. Running around the track were fleet footed young men already training for the May track meets. The Track athletes attained great skill in dodging two and three base hits, and often unconsciously acted as back-stops for wild throws. The 6th was chosen as Senior Class Day. A highly entertaining program was given in the auditorium under the supervision of the Senior Class. April also witnessed the Senior Class Play, “The Cricket on the Hearth,” which was presented on the 23rd. It was admirably acted and enthusiastically received by all those present. To borrow Mr. Hixson’s words, “a better play was never selected by a Senior Class, and the acting was surpassed by none.” On the 30th, the Track Team departed for Missouri University, where they will compete for the championship of the State. The team is strong and the coach is capable, and Webster is justified in anticipating a large score from its loyal athletes.

As this book must go to press before the 1st of May, a complete account of the year cannot be rendered, but we are expecting in the future many athletic victories, a Senior Class party, and, last of all, commencement exercises.

WARREN S. MILLER, ’15.

Very Irritating.

“All ointments are soothing, aren’t they?”
“Not all: disapp-ointments are not.”——Boston Transcript.

Careless of Her.

“Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?”
“Only Myrtle, father.”
“Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano.”——University of Nebraska Awgwan.
SEPTEMBER, 1913.

WHAT an exciting month this has been! For, on the morning of the twelfth, we, who were to begin our High School career as Freshmen of the class of 1916, wended our way from the four corners of Webster, to that place which seemed to us to be the center of the universe—the Webster High School. We were soon to learn that the Latin phrase "Omnis viae Romam ducent" meant "All roads lead to Rome," but that morning we thought all roads in Webster led to the High School, for the building was crowded with teachers, parents, visitors, upper classmen, and prospective pupils.

Frightened and abashed, we crept by twos and fours into the Auditorium, where we had our first introduction to an assembly, and heard from our teachers words of admonition and greeting. When we were dismissed to our class-rooms how terrified we were, as we realized that we were there at the mercy of the mischievous Sophomores, the kindlier Juniors and the most high and mighty Seniors! Although our fears were not realized, we underwent agonies of doubt, hesitation, and embarrassment.

JANUARY, 1913.

We have reached the end of our first term, and it finds us fairly at our ease. We feel that we have been treated unusually well by the Sophomores and Juniors, although the Seniors have hitherto ignored us. Already we are showing signs of being an exceptionally fine class. When commanded to appear on Literary Club Programs, we have bravely concealed our forced dismay, worked hard on our "original stories," and delivered them with admirable courage and art.

JUNE, 1913.

So many things have happened since the middle of the year, that, with making a record of being studiously attentive to our school work (thereby gaining the admiration and friendship of our much admired teachers), and taking part in outside events, we have been exceedingly busy.

During the latter part of March the Seniors threw a bombshell into our midst by challenging us to give a program to the school on April 1st. It is almost impossible to imagine the dismay caused by this challenge, for as yet our only appearances in public had been those which the Literary Clubs had demanded of us. But we did not hesitate for an instant, and immediately arranged a delightful program which we delivered with our usual courage and ability. From that day to this we have enjoyed the friendship of the honored Seniors.

Another event of importance, and a source of great pride to us, was the winning of the prize in the County spelling-match by Harry Jones, a talented member of our class—giving another demonstration of how versatile are our accomplishments.

And again in the annual June exhibition by the Domestic Science and Manual Training Classes, Harry Dietrich of our class added to our honors by having on exhibition some specimens of his Manual work which brought forth more than the usual amount of praise from the visitors and parents.

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

How different was our entrance to High School this year than that of last! First, because we have attained the rank of Sophomores, and many privileges and many honors are ours. Second, because our "dear old High" has been enlarged, and we now possess an auditorium, a gymnasium, and twelve new class-rooms. This gives us added pride in our "house of business" (a favorite expression of one of our teachers).

JANUARY, 1914.

How nice it seems to be Sophomores! We have had such fun teasing those poor, scared little Freshmen. Indeed, our mischievous activities along this line led us into difficulties! For, while we insisted that the Freshmen girls wear their hair pigtails and keep their bows and furbelows within modest proportions, the demands made upon the Freshmen boys were too exacting (at least in the eyes of the faculty), and the Sophomore boys were forced to atone for their pranks by many hours spent doing penance after school.

But our time has not been spent altogether in frolics. We have worked hard and our diligence has met with the approval of our teachers. There has been but one shadow to mar our happiness—the shadow of the ever-impending Flunk Slip.

We have become accustomed to those Literary Clubs, and our appearance on their programs is greatly desired, as some of our members can testify. Particularly Gladys Stevenson, for whom we are prophesying wonderful distinction in the musical world, and Frances Robertson, our dramatist, and Caroline Spreen, our elocutionist.

Our Athletes have been diligently practicing in our new gym, and we feel sure that Maroon and Myrtle will be the vistorious colors in the coming Track Meet.

JUNE, 1914.

The end of our second year, and what a famous class we have become! Early in the Spring two of our athletes, Herbert Booth and Burrell Irland, helped win the State Relay at Columbia. In a class track meet on our own field, our class carried off many honors. And then our numerous triumphs in Football, Baseball, and Basketball! We are now well organized. Each of us is imbued with the proper amount of class spirit, appreciating that these days together and the friendships made will be happy memories in the years to come.
SEPTEMBER, 1915.

Even during the summer months our class spirit has been kept alive, for a little group of girls under the direction of Hazel Wright, one of our most loyal class-workers, met once a week. And many times, with tennis racquets thrown aside, we sat sipping cooling lemonade, and discussed the past growth of the class, and made great plans for its future.

And now—we are Juniors! Strange indeed to hear ourselves given that dignified title which suggests the responsibilities that are now ours. We have spent the day meeting and greeting each other, and extending the traditional helping hand to the incoming Freshmen.

FEBRUARY, 1915.

Is it possible that we have come to the middle of our Junior year? We have worked, played, triumphed in athletics, and dreamed of even greater achievements.

A month ago we served luncheon to the school, thereby showing that along culinary lines we could make a record, as homemade pie, cake, salad, and sandwiches disappeared as by magic before the hungry crowd.

And then we achieved our up-to-date greatest social success by inaugurating the first Junior "Prom" in the Webster High, when we had as our guests the Seniors, together with the faculty.

We have become a wonderfully well-organized class, due principally to our energetic officers, among whom Richard Kremer, twice president, and Jessamine Gray, continuous treasurer since Freshman days, are our recognized parliamentarians.

Habits of economy have been engrained into us by this same thrifty treasurer, who has insisted that many a dime, which would otherwise go for Hershey's Chocolate or Cheese Tid-Bits, be deposited for the enlarging of our treasury.

If this class sees, as we feel sure it will, woman suffrage a national privilege, and women taking their place in the Presidential Cabinet, we prophesy that Jessamine as Secretary of Treasury will be well fitted to guard the finances of the nation. And with Dick Kremer promoted from President of the Class of '16 to President of the United States, we are confident that the affairs of the nation will prosper.

And now we are watching with great interest the Seniors as they make ready to depart and yield us their title and rank, of which we hope to be entirely worthy. We are ambitious, in this year that remains to us, before we scatter to the four corners of the earth from what has been to us the "center of the universe," to add a greater luster to the Class of 1916!

JOSEPHINE B. HOUTS, '16.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

Class Officers.

Mr. Salveter, . . . President.
Miss Peterson, . . . Secretary.
Miss Clayton, . . . Vice-President.
Mr. Held, . . . . Treasurer.

We, the Class of 1917, entered the new High School, determined to win our laurels. We soon adopted the spirit of the school, and our efforts were rewarded by one of the highest records of the year.

In athletics, we also made a record worthy of mention, as two of our members made the first football team; both were valuable players, one playing quarter-back. In basketball, our boys conquered the Sophomores in the first game. The girls also won a great victory over the Kirkwood rivals. When the baseball season opened, many of our boys tried for the team. Several proved to be very good players, and at the end of the year, four of them proudly displayed "W's."

Thus ended the first year. We had made good, and had won recognition as a class worth while.

The next September found us back in line as full-fledged "Sophs," gloating over the fact that we could greet the verdant new-comers with our discarded name of "Freshie." Although we had lost some of our former comrades, the size of the class was not lessened, since several new members were enrolled.

We soon found that "Soph" was a synonym for work. Modern History, Geometry, Foreign Languages—"Dead and Alive"—and English, with its perpetual grind, stared us in the face. The first quarter proved to be the Waterloo for the shirkers, and the society belles and beaux, but we gladly bequeathed them to the Mid-years.

Our financial embarrassment, and the strain of the Sophomore course, prevented us, as a class, from shining in the social world. But in athletics we proved our worth, by furnishing two active members to the football team. We had the satisfaction of defeating the "Freshies" in both football and basketball.

But few classes can boast of such varied talent as the Class of 1917. We have many promising artists in music, dramatics, literature, and art, as has been shown in clubs and before the school assembly. Several members of the class have been honored with Club offices, an honor rarely achieved by lower classmen.

We close our history for the present with the hope that the future will bring as much success as has the past.

HISTORY COMMITTEE, '17.
SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.

GIRLS.

Hazel Babb, Greatest Social Light.
Margaret Billups, Faculty Rusher.
Helen Clayton, Society—then Caesar.
Edith Copley, Thoughtful and Earnest.
Mary Cord, Social Gossip.
Lucy Culling, Dramatic Star.
Ida Cullman, So plucky that distance matters not.
Katherine Cushing, General Favorite.
Katherine Davis, The Special Specialist.
Jenny Lee Dillard, Bookworm.
Nina English, Modest but Wise.
Olga Fischer, Paul's Sister.
Lucille Frizzell, "Frizzle."
Helen Gary, Authority on Caesar.
Ophelia Hack, "Where's Hamlet, beg pardon—Hamaan."
Marguerite Harrington, "Oh, let me see."
Artemis Hennessey, Our Gracian Soph.
Dorothy Hodgden, Peddler of Compliments.
Virginia Hughes, Our Baby.
Leona Jollow, "Say, kid, have I too much powder on?"
Rosemary Lang, "Caesar, have patience."
Edna Lincoln, Mrs. Vernon Castle's only rival.
Anita McGerry, Caesar's Chief Pride.
Anna Milentz, Most Versatile.
Eva Mitchell, "Cheer up, he will come back."
Janet Owings, A soph. that no one knocks.
Wbha Peterson, Rattimer.
Helen Robinson, Better late than never.
Ruth Sale, Not Sold.
Eleanor Shallcross, Kewpie Enthusiast.
Ruth Skinner, Eva's friend, but—

Marion Smith, Professional Gigglcr.
Ruth Galbert, Basket Ball Star.
Elizabeth Wells, Fashion Plate.
Marie Wolfram, Green and yellow, catch a fellow.
Hazel Stone, Information Bureau—on Movies.

BOYS.

Marcell Block, Library Pest.
Franklin Bush, "A Little Louder, Please."
Fletcher Dolen, Cozy of the Curls.
William Finlay, Weary Willie, the Wireless Whiz.
Paul Fischer, Not Fisher, but Knocker.
Curtis Forbes, "Kouorous Kurtis."
Strother Gaines, Poet Laureate.
Rudolph Gruen, Paderewski.
Wilbur Held, Lady Fusser.
Marshall Jenkins, Perseverance Wins.
Kenneth Kipp, Water Boy.
Guy Lewis, Cheerful Herman.
Floyd Mahoney, Waite, Floyd and B. Mahoney.
Kenneth McMath, Well Read (Red).
Arthur Madden, Touchstone's only rival.
Wilbur Marsh, "Stop Ragging."
Brooks Robinson, The Bluffing Artist.
Earl Salveter, The Model President.
John Tustin, "Oh, I'm so Bashful!"
DeMay White, Food Provider.
Paul Whittemore, "You can't bluff Miss Rainbow."
David Wilcox, New York Spirit.
Warren Wright, Winning Smile.
William Kaiser, Not Wilhelm.

YE FRESHMAN CLASSE HISTORIE.

In this second yeare of the Reigne of Woobrow the Illustrious, during the first yeare of the Great War, ande the first yeare of His Majesty Gilmore the Greate, and the ninth yeare of the rule of His Lordship Sir Hixon, a mightie hoste of trembling suppliants, made up of the several Tribes of Webster, Selma, Old Orchard, ande Tuxedo, assembled at the greate Temple of Learning.

Ande His Lordship, Sir Hixon, numbered all the strangers in the Lande of High Schoole, after the manner in which they had always been numbered, ande they were found to be three score ande sixtie.

Ande these People were renowned throughout the Temple—the Boyes for their Youthe ande Valoure, the Girles for their Beautie and Grace.

When Sir Hixon looked on them, his Heart rejoiced at the sight thereof, ande he saide unto them: "Lo! I set over you, as Givers of Burdens, fifteen skilled Men ande clever Women, some of whom are versed in the Tongues of Man, some in the Deeds of our FORE-fathers; others are skilled in the Science of Numbers, and still others in the Arte of Hand Crafte."

Now, he spake also unto them, saying: "Whosoever heedeth my Words shall become greate with Knowledge ande Wisdome, ande shall receive the Rewarde of the Faithful. But whosoever heedeth not my Words, ande receiveth many Flunkle Slips, shall bring down Wrath and Destruction upon his Head."

Ande lo! they walked in the Ways that were pointed out to them; and Flunkle Slips came not nigh these People. Ande the Favour of their Overseers rested on them. Many Honours were awarded them—in Footballe, was not one adjudged worthy to receive a "W," the Symbole of that particular Synagogue of Learning? Ande, in Basket Balle, did not they conquer the mightie foe, Kirkwood?

Ande His Lordship, Sir Hixon, was well pleased with his subjects, ande he spake unto them ande saide: "My People, you have laboured well, having received the next highest Percent of all the Grades given to the Mighty Hostes in this greate Temple, ande you are worthy of the Token of Approvall. Therefore, my Beloved, you may assume the Name ande Dignitie of the Sophisticated Sophomores."

LOUISE McCLELLAND.
CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

THE sun was playing Merrily among the apple blossoms, one early spring morning, as five year old Mary, with her Maltese cat, Tommy, started off to Grandmother's.

"Mary, be sure not to lose the note for Grandmother, and be careful when you cross the bridge. I think you had better leave Tommy at home; you might lose him, dear."

"Oh no, mother," replied little Mary, tossing her bright curls saucily. "Tommy will stay right in my arms, and I know I'd just get awful lonesome without him, 'cause Tommy and I always talk, and have so much fun. Don't we, Tommy? Did you hear him say 'yes,' mother? But then, I guess no one understands him like me, 'cause I understand cat language; he means yes when he purrs."

"Well, now, be careful, dearie, and come home early." And so Mary, intrusted with the note, started off. Her grandmother lived down the shady road, and across the bridge. Mrs. Harper was no longer afraid to let Mary cross the bridge, as she had been at first. Mary was a very capable little person, and could always take care of herself. She ran along the road now, reaching occasionally for some low-bending blossom, talking to her cat, and stopping, too, to listen to the twittering birds, who sang joyously their happiness and gratitude in the reawakened earth.

Mary came at last to the banks of the stream, where grew some lovely blue violets, and she could not resist stopping to pick a large bunch of the sweet, fragrant flowers, to carry to grandmother. Pushing the sunny curls away from her face, she commenced gathering the long-stemmed violets. "Now, Tommy, you just stay still in my arms while I pick some violets. Now, don't start wiggin', 'cause then I'll drop my flowers. If you're real good, I'll give you some, and maybe grandmother'll give you some nice milk. My, I just love violets; I like dandelions pretty well, too."

As Mary was thus talking to herself, and often directing her remarks to the restless Tommy, a little boy could be seen on the other side of the stream, slowly wending his way towards the bridge. His companion was a little fox terrier, who trotted devotedly at Bobby's heels. "Oh, Dan, don'tcha just wish mother'd let us go an' play baseball with the fellers, 'stead of makin' us go over to Miss Lewis' to get eggs?" And Bobby kicked a stone accusingly out of his way, and began furiously swinging his basket. "Just when the fellers wanted me to pitch, too. Yes, Dan, I'd much ruther play baseball." And Dan wagged his tail in approval, and looked up sympathetically at his master. Bobby looked back down the road, now and then, to see if he could still catch a glimpse of Dick, who was taking his place at pitching.

Thus Bobby and Dan reached the edge of the stream, where the little fox terrier hesitated, to appease his appetite upon a discovered bone. Bobby felt as if he didn't want to stop for anything now, and started crossing the bridge, his head bent down, looking into the blue depths of the river. "Hello, Bobby," and raising his head, Bobby saw coming towards him a little, smiling girl. "Lo, Mary."

"I've just been picking some of the most beautifulest violets. Don'tcha love violets, Bobby?"

"Naw, I don't like 'em. Guess girls is the only ones what does. I like baseball bats, and footballs, and baseballs, and things like that. You know, I'm pitcher on our baseball team."

But he didn't have time to finish, for Dan, espying Tommy, came dashing towards them. Tommy rushed out of Mary's arms, and cat and dog went on a merry chase across the bridge.

But Mary! In her wild excitement, she had fallen, and gone into the cold water.

Bobby, having set down his basket, was endeavoring with all his strength to pull her out.

"Now, hold on tight, Mary, and I'll getcha out. Aren't very much wet, are you? Take hold of my hands. Now, there! It's a good thing it wasn't very deep."

And Mary stood dripping on the bridge, very frightened, but not hurt.

"Why look, Bobby! I've still got the note tight in my hand. I don't care if I am wet, I'm just goin' over to grandmother's, anyway. Guess, maybe, I can put one of her dresses on, till mine gets dry."

"Look, Mary! Your cat's up the tree, but you just go on; I'll get him down, and give him to your mother."

And so Mary crossed the bridge, and went drippingly on her way, while Bobby crossed on the other side, and commenced climbing the tree after poor, frightened Tommy.

VIOLA KORHAMMER. '15.
THE LOST NOCTURNE.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, were strewn sheets of paper, each with a few notes scribbled upon it, only to be thrown impatiently aside. Within the circle of light from the shaded lamp on the mahogany table sat a man, bent earnestly over a sheet nearly filled with the notes. Occasionally, he would turn in his chair and strike a few chords on the great, dark piano behind him, and then renew his writing with doubled energy. Somewhere, the deep gong of an old clock sounded twelve strokes. Again silence reigned, broken only by the hurried scratching of the tireless pen. The man might have been alone in a world of the dead.

Finally, he raised his head. His mind gradually recalled itself from the echoed sound of the music it had been creating, and he pushed aside his chair and rose. At the far end of the room the silvery moonlight, shining through an open door, made a shimmering patch on the polished floor. Into this stepped the Man, and stood, gazing into the still, hazy outdoors, and breathing the spirit of the night—a night of inspiration. He could write on such a night—and he had written; his nocturne was finished.

* * * * *

Six months later.

Again, the same room—this time, the winter sunshine made checkered patterns on the walls as it shone through the small-paneled windows. Basking in the warmth of it sat the Man. But, ah! what a change. There was no busy scratching of a pen; the hands, once such powerful masters of such wonderful music, lay weak and strengthless in his lap; the head was bent, but not in eagerness—rather as if it were too heavy for the thin shoulders; the hair, once so black, was plentifully streaked with gray. Not only had there been the long, racking fever, but worse. That which should have been the light of his convalescence was gone—his nocturne. The search for the missing music had been long and painstaking, but no trace of it had been found. Indeed, the neighbors were beginning to be quite sure that the Man’s mind had been turned by the long, hard illness, and they shook their heads mournfully as they spoke of him. But the Man never knew. He spent his time thinking, thinking, trying to remember. Could it have been only one of his wild dreams as he tossed under the fever? He asked himself the question over and over again. Yet something told him that it had not been a vision. He sought in his mind for the theme of the composition, but that was gone; only the certainty that his nocturne existed remained.

He grew weaker and weaker; he was soon no longer able to sit up, but he asked that his bed be brought to his music-room, so that he might be able to see the associations so dear to him. His piano was closed, now, and the sound of it was never heard. It was not long until he entered his last long sleep, with a smile on his face, and his hand stretched toward his loved instrument.

* * * * *

Twenty years later the old house was no longer silent; its room echoed with childish voices; for the Man’s sister had come to live there after his death, and the voices were those of her grandchildren. Although changes had been made in the house, the old music-room remained the same; even the youngest children in the family knew its story, and spoke of it in hushed voices, never entering except to renew the flowers kept fresh under the Man’s picture. But not so the boy with eyes like his uncle’s; he had always loved the room and the sad story connected with it. He himself had composed several little things as he dreamed there, and hoped to do more some day.

Spring-cleaning time was here—a jubilee for the youngsters. The massive furniture, rarely moved, was either on the porches, or huddled together in the centers of the different rooms. The children had chosen father’s room as having the best opportunities for make-believe, and were playing there. One had found a loose board in the back of the old desk, and was pounding on it in lieu of a drum. Suddenly, a thought came to her; the board was really very loose, why not pull it up, and see if she could look inside? It came up easily, and she peered under delightedly. But there really was something there! A package of yellowed paper. She knew her father could not have put it there.
Carrying it carefully, she ran to show her find to some older person. On the stairs she met the Boy; his face sobered as he took the proffered packet, for he felt instinctively that the little bundle of papers that the child had unwittingly found was the lost nocturne.

Going into the old music-room, he opened with reverent hands the old piano, so long closed, and played the hastily written music. The yellowed keys seemed to be ready for his trembling fingers, as though they recognized the sweet melody of long ago. When he had finished, he crossed the room, and quietly laid the yellowed papers beneath the Man's picture. As he gazed at the face in the frame, it seemed to change: the sad eyes grew bright; the tired expression vanished; the Boy saw the Man as he had been—eager, leaning forward.

A breeze swept through the room; the petals of the flowers beneath the picture fell in a shower upon the rustling sheets of music; the face of the Man changed again to the wearied countenance of a heartbroken man. The Boy slowly gathered up the blossom-strewn papers, now unstained by a mark, for the notes had faded.

McLEAN S. YOUNG, '15.

He was seated in the parlor,
And he said unto the light:
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."

ACCOMMODATION.
"What is the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.
"Round."
"How do you know it's round?"
"All right," said Willie; "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

SELF-SAVED.
"I kept my head when I fell into the water," observed the young man.
"How fortunate," replied the caustic maid: "it must have helped you so nicely to float."

—Baltimore American.

W. H. S. Orchestra.
Miss Mary Smith to Senior English Class:
"As the poor woman lay dying on her death-bed for the first time in her life—"

Mr. Stevenson, translating French: "The crowd hung their eyes."

Mr. Hatton: "Is a flame seen by the light which it generates, or by that which it reflects?"
Mr. Servan: "By that which it reflects."
Mr. Hatton: "Well—no."
Mr. Servan: "Then it is seen by that which it generates."
Mr. Hatton: "Did somebody tell you?"

Mr. Weber enjoys his 1—3, 5—6 classes. Wonder why?

Miss Nolen: "What was one of Poe's works?"
Nuts: "Poe's Ravings."

It is said that louse-sick persons are fond of pickles. Can Mr. Gray be in love?

Miss Nolen: "Lately, which system of selecting has been more favored, election or appointment, Mr. Sheldon?"
Roy: "Eh—er—why, election."
Miss Nolen: "No, Mr. Burnett?"
Stowers: "Um—what was the question?"

Miss Nolen: "What system has been favored lately, election or appointment?"
Stowers: "Ah—what did Sheldon say?"
Miss Nolen: "He said election. But it was wrong."
Stowers: "Appointment."
Miss Nolen: "Right. Very good."

Mr. Hatton: "In this case is the circle doubled or trebled?"
Smart pupil: "Why, it's—er—oh, it's troubled."

Mid-year Freshman, first day in W. H. S., to Miss Coggeshall: "Don't you think it's awful lonesome up here?"
Miss Coggeshall: "Yes."
Freshie: "I do too. What school are you from?"
Miss Coggeshall: "Webster."
Freshie: "Oh, are you?"
Second Freshman, hearing conversation: "Don't let her kid you. She's a Senior!"
Great dismay on the part of the first Freshie. Does Miss Coggeshall really look childish?

Mr. Bryant is reminded that it behooves one to be prudent, even in the bewitching presence of such charming girls as are in fourth period study-hall.
THE FOX OF KING'S VALLEY.

The eastern sky was streaked with faint red and yellow. The air was crisp and cool, and as the pale light brightened behind the dark mountains, far, far below could be dimly seen the little settlement, nestling to one side of King's Valley. Faintly could be traced the curling smoke issuing from the low fires in the village. The valley was completely surrounded by mountains, some green with shrubbery and undergrowth, others with bare rocks, softened for all their boldness in the dim, gray light of dawn.

High upon the mountain, commanding a perfect view of the valley below and the mountains beyond, was the cave of a pair of foxes. Sitting at the mouth of this cave, a large red fox sniffed the crispy air, and with ears pricked up and eyes shining, looked wistfully into the valley below. Occasionally he would turn his head to listen to some faint sound, as the murmur of the river below, or the twittering of some awakening bird in the clump of pines nearby; and except for these, perfect silence reigned.

Noiselessly another fox stole from the darkness of the cave and, standing for a brief moment at his side, also gazed with searching eyes into the valley far, far below. Then, glancing at the eastern sky, without further ado she trotted off down, down the mountain side, while the big red fox at the cave's mouth followed her with his eyes. Suddenly she stopped and looked at the branches above, and with pointed ears listened—it was nothing—a squirrel had dropped an acorn, and now, high and safe in his security, he pecked down through the foliage at the fox who stood with forepaw uplifted, gazing at the disturber of the silence. Now she resumed her journey, and in the brush and trees was soon lost to the view of the big red fox at the cave.

For many minutes he could see her no more, meanwhile the eastern sky grew brighter; the streaks of red and yellow broadened; the birds began a lively chorus; and the occasional dropping of a twig as a squirrel traveled from his nest of leaves, told the red fox that morning was at hand; and still the valley slept.

And now she came into his sight again, for the growth of underbrush and trees stopped at the base of the mountain, and the clearings in the valley told of a young civilization. Across the field he could faintly trace her progress. The red fox on the mountain sniffed and growled softly as he glanced towards the peaceful village and again looked at the beautifully tinted orient.

By this time she was approaching the straggling houses on the outskirts of the village, and her progress became more slow and broken. Again she was lost to his view, and he waited with intense gaze. Then she leaped into his sight again, with long easy strides, carrying something in her mouth; and still the valley slept.

The fox upon the mountain side felt a secret joy, for he knew it was the old, old story—another stolen fowl while the dogs of the valley were unaware.

But suddenly the deep bass howl of a hound echoed and reechoed through the mountain. The leaps of the fox in the valley at once lengthened and with easy pace she swept along, occasionally leaping higher into the air as she cleared a fence or ditch. Then from the settlement three hounds sped in pursuit. The fox on the mountain growled and with bristling neck watched the chase across the valley. On they went, and the space between the dogs and fox was obviously increasing. Another hound darted from the outskirts of the settlement, and with echoing yelps took up the chase. On sped the fox in the lead, but once as she leaped into the air, she was thrown headlong backwards—she had struck a wire fence. In an instant she was up and leading again, but the old, smooth pace was gone. She was hurt. The gap began slowly to close, and the dogs howled as they ran.

The fox from his lofty outlook gritted his teeth and growled fiercely as he saw the hounds again. On they came, and lag she must. Now they were close to the base of the mountain. In another second she would reach the undergrowth. But this was not to be. The hounds were not a dozen leaps behind. With pitiful helplessness she dropped her prey, and doubling back upon her track endeavored to lose the scent to the dogs in the rear. But the stratagem failed, and the gap closed.

The foremost of the pack was upon her. Without a sound she fell, and one after the other the rest of the yelping dogs came up to play their part in the tragedy witnessed by a half mad fox upon the mountain.

Soon men came from the settlement, and one of them shouldering the catch, they started back to the village. All the time the dogs were leaping and barking, and the men were making quick gestures in their excitement.
The big red fox at the cave's mouth dropped his ears and bushy tail as he watched the body of his mate carried out of his sight forever into the cover of the settlement; and, as it disappeared, he pointed his sharp nose toward the sky and howled a long piercing cry of grief. Again he cried long and loud—the echoes took up the sound, and it went from hill to hill, and, always becoming fainter, died. With sad eyes the fox from his lofty eminence looked down into the valley below.

The sun was now entirely above the jagged horizon; the mountains took definite shapes; the early mist was clearing; and the cliffs and precipices shone in the long rays of light.

All that day, and for many more following, the lone fox on the mountain neither slept nor ate, but, walking back and forth in front of his cave, would howl and mourn for his lost companion. Now and then he would stop and gaze with searching eyes toward the settlement in the valley.

But this life was like a consuming disease upon him, and he could not endure its torture long. Moreover, he was restless, and, having ever been used to much exercise, confinement to his cave was driving him mad. And then began a career of years of revenge. Not sudden, not quick, but wasteful, and of long duration. Every night he would make a trip into the valley, and each morning some farmer would find evidence of a hearty meal and safe escape of a fox. Not alone for food did he kill; slaughter was upon him like a fever, and only of necessity did he eat. Many are the times he has been chased back to the mountains, by the pack, but always swifter, and ever at an advantage, he has led them a merry race across the valley, and then delighted to baffle them in some cunning escape on the mountain side. Thus he has lived, and thus he still lives, a life of adventure and revenge.

Any stranger who happens to travel into King's Valley will find many a farmer who will tell him of the numerous times he has sustained the loss of a part of his stock to satisfy the feverish vengeance of a great, lone fox which, hidden somewhere in the mountains, can be heard to howl long and piercing cries of woe at dawn.

D. GROVE, '15.

Mr. Bryant's third year French class, translation of the story of a Corsican feud seventy-five years ago:

"Remember what I'm going to tell you, neighbor," added an old man who was the oracle of the village. "I have watched Colomba's face—— I smell powder in the air."

Dorine, number 124? Thus it is; American girls are not the only ones.

Now is the winter of our discontent:
Worked all summer, and haven't got a cent.

First man:—"Things are in a terrible condition in the country; I know a man who had his property all cut to pieces just because he invested in a few plough-shares."
Second man:—"Ha! ha! did he recover any of his land?"
First man:—"Yes, it was finally all turned over."

"I had to kill my dog this morning."
"Was he mad?"
"Well, he didn't seem too well pleased."—Answers.

The terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" are often heard, but their meaning has been somewhat obscured.

A Chicago newspaper describes the classes to which the terms are applicable. It has added "high-low" and "low-high" to the classification, as follows:

Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, Gibbon, Euripides, "eyether," pate de foie gras.

Low-highbrow: Municipal government, Kipling, socialism, Shakespeare, politics, Thackeray, the tariff, golf, grand opera, "ether," stocks and bonds, gin rickey.


Lowbrow: Ham sandwich, "haven't came," "ain't," pitch, melodrama, hair oil, "The Duchess," beer, burlesque shows, chewing gum in public.
WEBSTER ALMA MATER.

Words and Music by Alfred Lee Booth.

Wehster Al\-ma Ma\-ter Un. In thee with joy we give our hearts and hands Shrin-ing for thy glo-ry We will go and fight o~ bey-ing thy com-mand, Strength by ban-ner lends us Vic-try sure al-

Chorus:

Wehster Al\-ma Ma\-ter

Praises we sing thee o'er and o'er, Fa-alty now we pledge thee Loy-al-ty for ev-er more.

2.

Fail thee will we never,
When in times of peace
Thy laurels we uphold!
Loyal, ever mindful,
E'en when days with thee
Our memories oft told!
Pleasures oft afforded,
Labors all rewarded;
Hail, then! Hail to thee,
Webster, orange and black!

3.

Forward, then, and upward,
Rise to fame, and fill
A great and noble place!
Vanquish every foeman,
In the battle—victor,
First in every race!
Intellect unbounded,
Strength and valor sounded,
Hail, then! Hail to thee,
Webster, orange and black!
DEBATING CLUB.
GROWTH, development, and efficiency—these characterize the history of the Science Department of Webster High School. Four years ago, when the first "Senior" was published, this Department was practically in its infancy. A small room was used for both laboratory work and class recitation. The ventilation was very unsatisfactory, since the poorly constructed hood failed to remove the disagreeable gases, and left a heavy vapor through the room. The few tables and chairs, crowded into the small space, were always covered with an untidy array of apparatus and experiment cards. In one corner of the room was a case, an awkward arrangement, containing a disorderly pile of chemicals, in bottles of various sizes and descriptions.

How different is the present condition! The Science Department now occupies three times its former space. One-third of this is a comfortable recitation room, while the other two-thirds is a splendidly equipped laboratory. Bottles of uniform size, numbered, and alphabetically arranged, containing both solutions and dry re-agents, are neatly placed on shelves. A splendid system of numbered drawers and shelves has also been installed. These contain all the apparatus and similar materials used in Chemistry, Physics, and Biology. At one end of the laboratory there is an index card, which enables one to find any chemical or apparatus instantly. A large hood has been built, under which all poisonous chemicals are generated and experimented with, and thus the atmosphere of the laboratory is now kept practically pure and free from injurious gases. But this is not all! New, modern laboratory desks and lockers have been ordered by the School Board, and are to be installed in the near future. After this step has been completed, our laboratory will be as fine as that of any other High School in the State. Most of this growth, development, and efficiency is due to the unequalled ambition and patience of our professor, Mr. Hatton.

And last, but not least, I might mention the improvements that have been provided for our professor's special benefit: A comfortable rocking-chair, a couple of pillows, and a pair of crutches. All that is now needed to make our laboratory have all the modern conveniences, is a jitney service, to take Mr. Hatton to and from classes.

CAROL E. COGGE SHALL, '15.
YES, we have a Library. It is only about eighteen months old, still in its infancy, you see, but sturdy and strong, and growing.

Previous to September, 1913, there were several hundred books scattered here and there in the various rooms of the High School building. The busy teachers did what they could to keep them together and make them useful, but the poor, wandering books had no home, and no home-maker.

In September, 1913, this shadow of a Library was gathered into a pleasant southern room on the second floor of the new High School building. There the books were put in charge of a trained librarian. They were organized according to approved library methods. They were classified into kindred and friendly groups, and made to feel at home on the shelves. They were shelf-listed, so that one can take an inventory of the whole, or any part of the Library at any time. They were entered in a dictionary catalogue, so that, by turning to the proper alphabetical place, one may learn what books by any certain author are in the Library, how many books we have on any subject, and what special titles we have.

We have over three hundred readers, faculty and students. Our public is with us all the time on school days. For longer loans, we use permanent readers’ cards, but generally employ the slip system, as by so doing, we can move the books rapidly, even every period, and thus make a few books serve many borrowers, and can at any time answer the all-important question in a school library—“Who has the book?”

There are, on an average, 207 students daily in the library. About 50 books are issued daily from the library, and an average of 147 books and magazines used in the library each day.

Our students are cheerful, earnest and busy, and the outside reading given by the teachers, and posted by the librarian, covers an instructive, varied, and interesting course.

The many reference questions asked, take a wide range: Myth, fable, history, art, poetry—“Had the Tiber a delta?” “Where can I find about Hero and Leander?” “When did Hamlet live?” “What Danish king was his father?” “Who ruled in England at the time?” “What does Twelfth Night mean?” “When did Reconstruction begin?” “What did Rip Van Winkle look like?” “Can I find some material on the Shipping Bill?” “On the Tariff?” “On Mexico?” “On Equal Suffrage?” “On Prohibition?” These are only samples of the stock of questions coming in daily, and which daily add to the interest of the work, for “custom can not stale their infinite variety.”

Our Library has grown till it now numbers 964 volumes, and yet, like Oliver Twist, we ask for more, for we would find hundreds of volumes more to be useful and helpful. We want more magazines, also, for debating, and club work. The young minds are eager and hungry.

MARTHA B. CLARK, Librarian.
The ideals of yesterday have become the realities of today. But a few years ago Manual Training was a dream; today, thousands and thousands of high schools are equipped with shops, and the cry is “Vocational Education,” a step beyond Manual Training.

Five years ago, the only proper and safe article to write for a year book would have been on the “Educational Values of Manual Training,” but, today few would doubt this assertion.

Manual Training will secure the interest of the pupil who is designing and making a useful project. Interest will demand attention; concentration will follow attention, and it may be added that through concentration most of the great achievements of life are made possible. Manual Training is not the training of the hand alone, but the training of the whole boy—his head, heart and hand. The main elements of character can be developed—accuracy, neatness, precision, carefulness and judgment. The following quotation shows what is demanded of the schools:

“No thoughtful merchant who recognizes his own responsibility in the training of the young men in his employ asks or expects the public schools to train the boys for his business; he does expect, or has a right to expect, that the boys who come to him shall be grounded in these fundamentals—character, alertness, analytical power, power of expression, and thoroughness. What he wants, next to a moral character, is a boy with gumption.”

No two pupils develop skill in the same manner. There are three reasons for this: the vast difference in their natural abilities, the difference in their natural tastes, and, finally, the difference in their previous mechanical experiences. Of course, it is advisable to start all pupils on the same basis, and vary their respective courses as they advance in their work.

There are many methods used in Manual Training, but the main purpose is to obtain the highest efficiency with the equipment and material on hand. One extreme is a set course of exercises for all pupils, and the other a course of no definitely-laid plans. In Webster Groves High School, the pupils all start a set course which has been carefully planned. As the student advances and shows especial ability, he is allowed to suit his personal needs. As a result, many of the boys are the proud possessors of porch swings, library tables, electroliers, etc., which they have designed and made.

It might be of particular interest to many to know that this year all the Freshman boys, with the exception of two, have taken Manual Training. The course is two years, and in the advanced class we have Sophomores, together with a number of special pupils.

In the near future we hope to increase the equipment and number of shops, so that we may offer wood-turning, forging, moulding, pattern-making, and machine shop work. Then, we can offer a regular Manual Training course such as the city High Schools do; and the green Freshman of the joinery shop will advance in the work until he becomes a somber Senior in the machine shop, ready for graduation.

GEORGE WEBER.

Freshman boy: "What makes houses and bridges grow?"
Mr. Weber: "What are you talking about?"
Freshie: "I mean, how do they raise houses and bridges?"

Winnie: "Hasn't she the sweetest eyes?"
Minnie: "Yes, they're perfectly candid."
THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

With the phenomenal growth of our school, came the establishment of a Commercial Department. This department was established in the Fall of 1913, since which time it has enjoyed a liberal patronage from the student body. The demand for the Commercial Course became so great this year, that it was necessary to secure additional equipment. The outlook for the Department is very bright. We are looking forward to next year, when we will have new quarters designed, and adapted exclusively for this work.

After practically doubling our capacity in the Typewriting Department, we are not able to accommodate all who desire to take the course. The present capacity of this Department is forty-nine hours' work per day; the equipment consists of four Remington and three Underwood typewriters. Students are taught the touch system, and are required to do practical work after the eighth week.

The course in Shorthand, strongly recommended to all who wish to enter college or business, consists of one year's work, for which one unit of credit is allowed. It is our desire to make the course a standard. We have, therefore, adopted the Ben Pitman System. The United States Civil Service Commission regards this system as one of the best. The year's work is divided into two sections. The first half is devoted to the elementary principles; dictation is given in the last half, reaching, in the final test, the rate of one hundred words per minute.

No school is better equipped to handle the subject of Bookkeeping. We feel that we are exceeding fortunate in this respect. Our equipment is the latest and best that money can procure. The course is practical in every detail. Many of the leading business colleges use the same system. The instructor in this Department is an experienced bookkeeper, who has held a banking position, and later done the work of a public accountant. People in all walks of life find a knowledge of Accounting to be beneficial. This course should appeal to all.

We cordially extend an invitation to the public to visit us and examine our work.

J. W. Drye.
There are many names given to this division of a course of study—Household Art or Domestic Art, Household Science or Domestic Science, Home Economics, Science of the Home, etc. They all mean the same, or a part of the same, as the terms with which most of us are familiar—"Cooking" and "Sewing"—lead to erroneous opinions of the work. They fall far short of covering the whole field; yet as this is such a very new field, we should be most grateful for the fact that so many High Schools have thought it to be important enough to offer courses in this much of the work.

I suppose no subject has received so much criticism as the subject of Domestic Science. People wonder, even today, why the girls should go to school to learn "Cooking" and "Sewing." They argue that they can learn that at home as their mothers did. Some of them could, but the majority could not. The mothers have not time to teach their daughters such things. There is such an increasing demand for the time of the woman of today—her duties have multiplied so rapidly with the progress of time—that she is unable to devote much thought to this part of the child's training.

Formerly, the mother looked after the duties of the house, and that was the extent of her work. Everything she had to do was directly connected with the home. Today she has other duties—"Clubs," and organizations of every kind to take her time, and thus prevent her from devoting so much attention to that phase of the child's training with which Domestic Science deals.

Again, in how many houses are the Sewing, Cooking, and the other household duties performed by the mother? I believe it to be in far less than the majority. In the average home, there is an employee whose duty it is to take care of the kitchen, and someone else who does family sewing; or the sewing is sent out to someone, and comes home completed. What chance has a girl to learn these things under such conditions?

One may argue that if these are the conditions now, why should a girl need to know about such things? The conditions will be the same when she has her own home, and she will not need to do any of these things for herself, yet what better service will she receive if she knows how things should be done, and knows what to demand? How much satisfaction may be derived from simply knowing how things should be done? But, laying this aside, the mothers of today do not know that their daughters are not going to be called upon to perform these duties for themselves, occasionally at least. The most unexpected things happen at times. Is it not far better to be prepared for these than to have to do something concerning which we have no idea?

There is another and most important argument for the defense of Domestic Science. How very much courses and we all are with the reason why of the things around us. We want to know just what is the cause of everything that happens. Yet how many people are content with obtaining results in their domestic affairs, and knowing nothing concerning the reasons. Why is it not just as important to know something of this, as it is to ask the reasons for happenings in History, the Languages, or Mathematics? Everyone knows that if air be allowed to enter a can of preserved food, the food will soon be unfit for use. They say that the air causes the spoiling, and this is all that is necessary. Yet, if they only knew that it is not due to the air, but to the presence of minute organisms which work on the food, and knew how to rid the air of these, how much time, labor, and money might be saved! Would it not be far better to know something of the scientific basis of cooking as well as of other subjects?

The vast majority of people are advancing in their ideas concerning the schools and the training of their children. When we remember that only a generation ago, one would have laughed at the idea of teaching Domestic Science in the high schools, and think of the large number of not only high, but also grade schools which have them today, then we can see what rapid progress it has made. Parents are realizing that education is not merely a matter of books and the acquisition of knowledge, but that it consists also of the power to use knowledge.

The people of Webster Groves fully appreciated this five years ago when they added to their high school courses in cooking and sewing. The first rooms were small, and the accommodations poky, but two years ago the department was moved to large, airy rooms, where the equipment is complete and modern, and where much larger classes may be admitted. The course is exceedingly popular, and the classes—four-hour and a half periods daily—are always filled with girls, not drudging, but eagerly learning the fascinating art of cooking and sewing.
PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Physical Training for Girls was added to the curriculum of the Webster High School last year, as an elective for all classes. This year the work is compulsory for the Freshmen and Sophomores, and elective for the Juniors and Seniors.

The Department has grown, and there are now one hundred and thirty girls enrolled. The work is graded into three classes: Beginning, Freshmen, and Advanced Classes.

Physical Training is taught in its relation to health, beauty, and grace. Exercises are given for poise, grace, and ease of manner, for the vital organs, for respiration, and for harmonic movements. It includes work in Aesthetic and Folk Dancing, Military Marching, Running, Fancy Steps, Swedish Floor Work, Indian Clubs, Wands, Dumb-bells, Basketball, and Games.

A great deal of interest has been shown in the inter-class basket-ball games. Games have a positive educational influence that no one can appreciate who has not observed their effects. Children who are slow to hear, to observe, to think, and to do, may be completely transformed in these ways by the playing of games. The sense perceptions are quickened, the awkward body becomes agile and expert.

Of such games, the children of to-day have a rich inheritance from the children of the past, and from teachers of Physical Training, who have originated many valuable plays and rhythmic exercises.

The social development through games is very important. Many children do not possess the power to co-operate readily with others. This social co-operation is developed, and reaches the highest point in the team games, where self is subordinated to the interests of the team. Another important result in the training that comes through games, is the development of will. The power of initiative, the courage to give "dares," and to take risks, comes with the determination to win the game. But probably the most valuable training of all is the power for restraint and self-control which is gained. Self-control is required in not playing out of one's turn, not starting over the line in a race until a proper signal is given, etc. The child must learn to observe rules and regulations. The child learns, through games, the love of fair play, and gains a sense of moral values.
The dance is also of great educational value. Professor Frederick Peterson, of Columbia University, says: "The dance seems to fulfill every requisite of an ideal exercise—the practical use of all the muscles, the acme of pleasurable emotion, and the satisfaction of the aesthetic sense."

Only a few years ago, the dance was used in the gymnasium simply as a means of exercise. Beyond this, it was not seen to have any place in the school. But as soon as the dance was studied in primitive life, and its functions and relations to the other factors of life were discovered, it was seen to have a significance far beyond its first use in the school.

In origin, the folk dances were the self-expression, by primitive people, of joy, triumph, and similar emotions, or the representation of incidents in their own lives, or the life of some popular hero. The dances have grown up for generations as part of the life of the people, in many of the older European countries.

To appreciate the meaning of the dance, it is necessary to understand the part that gesture, as a language, has played in the development of the race. This expression in pantomime, is as varied as man's interests and actions. Many dances are dramas, representing the common occurrences of daily life. We have occupation dances, love dances, war dances, religious dances, choral and dramatic dances.

In Europe, the folk dances represent the whole gamut of emotional expression.

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MR. DOOLEY ON GIRLS' FEEZICAL TRAININ' IN WEBSTER HIGH.

"It's glad to see ye back agin I am," said Mr. O'Flannagan, entering Mr. Dooley's place of business one morning in the late fall.

"And it's gr-rateful I am to be back agin in me own dummiesill," said Mr. Dooley, with a deep sigh. "O'Flannagan, they say that tr-ravel broadens the moind. Faith, me own poor moind has been broadened enoof, thin. For instance, when I was down in St. Looey, I wint wi' me brother-in-law, out to a suburb called Webster's Grove, to visit the High School, where me niece, Nora, is learning to talk like a book and walk like a loidy. When we got there, Jimmy says, "Coom, George," says he, "accordin' to Nora, we are to go doon to a place called Jimnassium, to see th' gur-rls do Feezical Trainin'," says he, hesitatin' like.

"Do what?" says I. Says he, "Do Feezical Trainin'." "And for what?" I says. "To develop your brain," he says.

I see he didn't know what it was, but we went to a fine big room, the best-lookin' in the buildin'. There was a lot of gur-rls here. They was good-lookin' gur-rls, settin' an' standin' ar-round, in clothes that no loidy shud wear. Nora came up to us, an' I turned me back. Nora says, "What's th' mather, Uncle George?" says she, in her grand society language she has learned so fine. Says I, recoverin' a bit, "I shud think you forgot your petticoats," I says, without thurnin' 'round. Nora samed to think it was amusin'. Says she, "How funny." She says, "This is me Jim suit." Jimmy says it ain't his. Jim must be a frind.

They was a big crowd lined up on each side of the walls. Nora says they need a balcony for the people to sit in, and I think it would not be a bad ide' meself. Both crowds had their frinds, that give the High School cries. Says one crowd, "Naughty, Naughty, Naughty. Ate, Ate, Ate, Chew 'im up, Chew 'im up, Naughty, Naughty, Ate," an' th' other says, "Malty Vity Cery Fruty, Grape Nuts, an' Lovee can we bate th' Juniors, why iv course."

— 59 —
Well, aifter awhile, they got down to wur-rk. A woman in a little more decent clothes, blew a whistle. Th' gur-rls all in thir frind's clothes—Jim, Dick, or Harry—run out on the fine, slick floor. Th' woman dressed more respectable threw around fut-ball in th' air. I've seen la-ads go mad over gettin' a fut-ball down, but I never see sich jumpin' and yellin' to keep a fut-ball off th' ground. Wan gur-rl grabbed the fut-ball, and threw it to a frind. Th' frind threw it acrost th' way, but before the gur-rl who was rachin' fur it could get it, anither wan sat on it. "Do y' know what is it?" says I to Jimmy. Says he, "Divil th' bit do I," he says. 'All this time, young Nora was standin' back, takin' no hand in th' affair. All iv a suddint she give a cry iv joy, an' jump in the air. She had th' ball, but instid of keepin' it, give it a throw at a pole with a barrel hoop on't. "Basket," says th' umpire. "Where?" says I to a la-ad. Says he, "Where, what?" "The Basket," says I. "They're playin' Basket Ball," says he. Just thin Nora came runnin', all red, an' bradin' quick. "We bate," says she. "What is it?" says I. "Playin' Basket Ball," she says. "We are tryin' to win the champ eenship. The Freshmen are ahead now, but we are sure we will come out the winners," says she. "We looked knowin'.'

"Do you want t' see th' other Jim classes?" says Nora. Iv course we did, so she took us to a class where they folk-dinced. Furst they stamped wun fut, thin the other fut, thin shook their fingers in each ither's faces, thin hopped on wun fut, thin on th' other wun, an' thin came down hard on both. The woman in th' cinter said, "Halt, Forward, March." They marched in forms of eights, squares, and things, thin whirled some kind of Clubs. Sure, an' I was glad whin that was over, for I was nervice, and afraid that any minute wun of those gur-rls would let hers fly, and hit me in the eye.

They was some talk of goin' in t' acc th' Advinced Class Acsthetic dince, what-iver that is. Nora says it is to make thim gracefule. Jimmy and I were not discouraged at all, at all, but we didn't go. They are all dootless noble sports, but divil th' bit can I appracycate thim.

L. FURNAS.
PROGRESSIVE POETRY.

In another column today "The Gazette" prints some verses. They are from our own futurist poet. We long have thought that forward-looking poets should quit writing verses that rhyme at the end of the line, and begin writing forward rhyming verses. So we have put our own blacksmith on the job. He uses the DeLaval method of separating his ideas from his verse, and we think he has a fairly successful product. We shall offer it to the Allies, in the hope that it will end the war.

Love's Pleadings.

O, come, my love, the jitney
Waits; the nickel's in
My purse. My sparkler snaps at all the
Fates, for better-or
For worse. Let's jit in joy while life
Is June; five coppers pays
The bill. So come and jitney 'neath
The moon, along the low-grade
Hill. While all the world is smooth
As glass, while all our tires are
Spry, there's bliss in every quart
Of gas; let's hit life on
The high. So come and be my jitney
Queen; a nick is all my
Hoard. Who cares for grief or
Gasoline? Come mount
My trusty Ford.

--- Emporia Weekly Gazette.

Miss Mary Smith: "What do you think of Spencer's style?"
Miss Pickel: "I like the way he handles his feet."

"Oh dear me," thought the angle-worm, "I'm so stuck on that fish-hook that I can hardly wiggle."

"What relation does a match bear to a tooth-pick?"
"The latter is the pick of the two, the first being a striking contrast."

He: "Why can't a woman throw straight?"
She: "Well, a woman never throws anything until she's so mad she can't see straight."

"'Lo, Jim; fishin'?"
"Naw; drownin' worms."

The three degrees in medical treatment: Positive, ill; Comparative, pill; Superlative, bill.

Mr. Hatton, to pupil: "I left my glasses at home today, will you kindly read a little louder?"

Tommy was taking Chemistry,
He played with lots of things;
He took a whiff of chlorine—
Now he navigates on wings.

Irate passenger on Manchester line: "Why, conductor, I could walk faster than this."
Conductor: "So could I, but I have to stick with my car."

THE RAH-RAH ARTISTS' GUIDE.

Anybody can write a story about college life. If he has not attended a college, so much the better. His imagination is less trammeled. A few simple rules must be observed, however.

1. All heroes are named Jack, Stanley, or Dick.
2. All college men wear sweaters always, and smoke short, fat-bowled pipes.
3. There is always a "Fatty," who is a funny fellow.
4. Any four college men make up a quartet, which can sing "Merhileee we ro-hull alohing" at any time.
5. All college men are wooing a girl named Dorothy or Betty, who is "sweet and pure as an angel."
6. All college men address one another as "old hoss."
7. College men never study, but spend their time in tossing repartee back and forth.
8. All college rooms are adorned with pennants.
9. All college men call their fathers "Pater," and speak of the "honor of the dear old school" in a husky voice.—Harvard Lampoon.
WEBSTER has always shown a loyal spirit at the opening of every track season, but, 1914 holds first place for support and sympathy in the side lines, and for real power and skill in the field. The graduation of 1913, like all its predecessors, depleted the athletic numbers, but spared enough veterans to join forces with the new material, and compose a superior team. According to the custom of many years, the season started with the Class Meet. Students and contestants predicted victory for the Class of 1914 or 1916. No one expected any display of skill from the Class of 1915. But that small band of loyal workers bent all its energies to the winning of the championship, and, when the meet was concluded, that small band, still silent, was acclaimed the victor.

Coach Roberts now set in to form a strong track and field squad from the material afforded him by the Class Meet. Everyone was on his metal, and anxious to show what was in him, for the practice was regular and thorough. At last the team was ready for work, and, when sent up to the Annual State Meet at Columbia, Mo., it showed its skill by winning several of the events. The most important feat was accomplished by the half-mile relay team, consisting of D. Sheldon, C. Lacey, Booth, and Irland, which won the State Championship in that event, and thus brought home honor for themselves and the school.

The next scheduled meet was with Central High School, at Washington University Stadium. The opposing team fell an easy victim to the swift team of Webster, and was defeated by a score of 82 to 58. A brief review of the contestants and events is given below:

D. SHELDON,
Second—100 yard dash.  
Winner—220 yard dash.  
Relay team.

B. IRLAND,
Winner—100 yard dash.  
Winner—220 yard low hurdles.  
Relay team.

H. BOOTH,
Third—100 yard dash.  
Second—220 yard low hurdles.  
Relay team.

C. LACEY,
Third—high jump.  
Winner—broad jump.  
Relay team.

F. ROBERTSON,
Winner—High jump.  
Third—Broad jump.  
Second—120 yard high hurdles.

B. WALTERS,
Winner—One mile run.  
Third—880 yard run.
A. CLAYTON,
Fourth—High jump.
Fourth—220 yard low hurdles.
Third—120 yard high hurdles.

E. HALMAN,
Fourth—One mile run.

K. GORDON,
Second—440 yard run.

E. EISEMAN,
Third—440 yard run.

H. ROUNTREE,
Fourth—440 yard run.
Third—220 yard dash.
Fourth—120 yard high hurdles.

C. SMITH,
Winner—Pole vault.

M. PETERSON,
Second—Putting 12 pound shot.

R. KREMER,
Third—Throwing discus.

W. HOWZE,
Third—Pole vault.

G. CLEGG,
Fourth—Putting 12 pound shot.
Second—Throwing discus.

D. SHELDON,
Winner—100 yd. dash—time, 10 4/5.
Winner—220 yd. dash—time, 24.
Relay team—time, 47 4/5.

B. IRLAND,
Second—100 yd. dash.
Winner—220 yd. low hurdles—time, 27.
Relay team.

H. BOOTH,
Second—220 yd. low hurdles.
Third—100 yd. dash.
Fourth—220 yd. dash.
Relay team.

F. ROBERTSON,
Winner—Running high jump—ht., 68 in.
Second—120 yd. high hurdles.

C. LACEY,
Third—Running high jump.
Second—Running broad jump.
Relay team.

A. CLAYTON,
Winner—120 yd. high hurdles—time, 20.
Third—220 yd. low hurdles.
Tied fourth—Running high jump.

B. WALTERS,
Winner—1 mile run—time 5–7 2/5.

H. ROUNTREE,
Tied second—Pole Vault.
Third—120 yd. high hurdles.
Third—440 yard run.

R. KREMER,
Second—Discus throw.
Third—Putting 12 lb. shot.

M. PETERSON,
Winner—Putting 12 lb. shot—dist., 40 ½.

K. GORDON,
Winner—440 yd. run—time 57 2/5.

E. EISEMAN,
Second—440 yd. run.

C. SMITH,
Tied second—Pole vault.

E. HALMAN,
Fourth—one mile run.

W. HOWZE,
Winner—Pole vault—height 8–9.

G. CLEGG,
Third—Discus throw.
Second—Putting 12 lb. shot.

M. MURPHY,
Fourth—880 yd. run.

Now came the most exciting and important of events, the County Track and Field Meet, May 20th, which decided the championship of St. Louis County. Webster was again victorious, scoring ninety-eight and nine-tenths points, to eighteen and two-fifths points for Maplewood, twelve and one-half points for Ferguson, and twelve and one-fifth points for Clayton, and nothing for Wellston.

A summary of the meet is given below, showing the contestants and events won:

RECORDS BROKEN.

Old Record: New Record:
28 3/5 seconds, . . . 220 yard low hurdles, B. Irland, . . . . . . . . . . . . 27 seconds.
66 inches, . . . . Running high jump, F. Robertson, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 68 inches.
49 seconds, . . . . 440 yard relay, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 47 4/5 seconds.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Rifle Shooting is a comparatively new sport, but it is being entered into by many with great enthusiasm. Webster won the cup, which is presented by DuPont Powder Company, in 1912–1913, but lost it to Clayton in 1914. It is hoped by all that this cup will be brought back to Webster this year.

RIFLE TEAM OF 1914.

H. Dietrich.
H. Rountree.
A. Clayton.
O. Taylor.
G. Clegg.

ALVAH W. CLAYTON, ’15.
ROBERTS.

"Are there any questions?" thunders the voice of Mr. Roberts. The gentle Freshman trembles, and his brow grows pale, as he catches the glare in the eye of the strict Czar of Mathematics. This stern monarch of the figure-world throws terror into the heart of the weak beginner, but as the latter gradually becomes acquainted with the innermost nature of this supreme being, the clouds of fear and ignorance slowly melt away, and he is drawn nearer and nearer by an unknown force to the friendship of this truly admirable character. We may, with truth, say admirable, for he guides every day many a weary soul to a better knowledge of the maze of figures on the blackboard. He listens, with sympathetic patience, to the puzzling questions of every student of his art, and, when it seems that the encircling arms of some demon problem has at last trapped him in its clutches, with a smile, and great coolness of action, this Sampson of Mathematical Strength wrests himself free, and throws his assailant helplessly down.

He is admirable on the athletic field as well as in the school room. He wins, and has always won, the admiration and love of every boy, whether the boy be an aspiring contestant for a position on some team, or the enthusiastic onlooker of all athletic events. His comic and forceful expressions of "go like a bullet," and "hit him and turn him over," give life and encouragement to every player on the gridiron. The mere knowledge that this honored coach is present at any game, forces every player to do his duty to the best of his ability. However dark the prospects for a winning team may appear, he never fails to bring his group of veterans and greenhorns to the front ranks, face to face with victory. His ability to execute all sports in the cleverest fashion, gains the pride and amazement of everyone, boy or girl.

His room is the most popular rendezvous. Before school in the morning, and at the lunch period, he amuses the interested audience of boys with his exciting stories of his brilliant exploits of "when he was a boy," and he often plays again. in words, the games of the preceding day, telling how it ought to have been done, and how he would do it if it were to be played over again. But the boundaries of this popularity, however, do not only extend over the male sex. His bright eye, and happy smile, together with his soothing words, rarely fail to captivate the adoration of someone of the other sex. This last popularity can not be called extraordinary, for they come to him at any time, and he is always ready to please them. No matter how busy he is, if they request him to grade a paper, or explain some tangle of figures, he blushingly yields, and pushes aside all work to grant the favor.

His winsome ways are displayed in many lights. Nothing pleases him better than to ally himself with some humiliated Freshman, and send the teasing assailant away, with a few words of advice. No one fears to trust him with the innermost of secrets. He comforts the weary mind, and advises the prospective athlete.

As a teacher he is a Solon; as a coach he is a genius; and as a friend he is a Jonathan. Freshmen may come, and Seniors may go, but he stays on forever.

ALVAH W. CLAYTON, '15.
BASE BALL TEAM, 1914.

Chapman, C. Lacey, Robertson, Murphy, Smith, Roberts.
Held, D. Russell, Avery, Whitemore, Moore.

TRACK TEAM, 1914.

Roberts, Peterson, Gordon, Robertson, Halman, Walters, Murphy, Kremer, Moore.
Eiseman, D. Sheldon, Booth, Ireland, Lacey, Clegg, Clayton.
Dietrich, Rountree.
REVIEW OF THE 1913-1914 BASE-BALL SEASON.

The Webster Groves base-ball season of 1913-'14 was very successful, although the team was not so fortunate as to win all the games on the schedule; yet it did play good ball, and at all times put up a good exhibition. The two most lively games played in the year '13 were with Kirkwood, but to Kirkwood's dismay, both games fell in favor of Webster, 4 to 3 and 1 to 0. These two games were the most exciting events ever played between the two High Schools, as they decided whether or not Webster was to receive the silver cup donated by Spaldings' for the team winning the county championship three successive years. So, to the victor belong the spoils. The year '14 wound up with the Webster nine still supreme, and holding its own. Our hopes are, that this year's nine will never bring defeat to Webster High.

CLIFTON P. LACEY, '15.

FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1914.

For many years Webster has not shown such a loyal response to the call of Coach Roberts for players of the gridiron, as was shown this past season of 1914. Both veterans and greenhorns flocked to the colors, and when the announcement was made for the commencement of practice and preparation for the class games, four teams, more than ever witnessed on the High School Campus, in preceding years, were seen on the gridiron every afternoon, as regularly as clockwork. Every player was inspired with the one great object of winning the class championship, and each captain watched, with eager eye, every movement of his men, in order to perceive and better any fault in the working of his machine.

Although the Class of 1916 was victorious, these games opened up the eyes of the coach to new material, and inspired him in his work of creating an efficient offensive and defensive machine. After the class games, all hostile feeling between the players vanished, and every
man strove for the perfection of the school team. Since everyone could not be on the team, as was clearly seen by all, each contestant was loyal to the team by affording scrimmage practice, and helping to show up the faults and weaknesses of the regulars.

After weeks of constant drill and study, Coach Roberts picked his regulars from the group of aspiring athletes. The lineup was as follows:

Center, ....................... Ellis.
Right Guard, .................. Cushing.
Left Guard, .................... Halman.
Right Tackle, .................. Miller.
Left Tackle, ................... Redfearn.
Right End, ...................... Avis.
Left End, ...................... Kremer.
Quarterback, .................. Booth.
Right Halfback, ............... Clayton (Captain).
Left Halfback, ................ Salveter.
Fullback, ...................... Ridgeway.

Substitutes: Floreich, Beard, Schall, Sheldon, Gibson, Heman, Gaines, Stevenson, Held, Burnett.

Our first scheduled game was with Maplewood, October 2nd. The team played well, even though the players had never before been in a real game together, and the Orange and Blacks were victorious over their opponents, by a score of 6 to 0.

Then came the game with Manual Training School, October 12th. This school was considered by all to be our hardest opponent, and when Webster was defeated by a 21 to 0 score, everyone felt that it was more a victory than a defeat, for it showed what could be done against a superior team at only the second game of the season.

Webster met another slight defeat, 6 to 0, by Central High School Seconds, October 15th. But these two succeeding defeats caused new enthusiasm, and the Orange and Blacks were again victorious October 23rd, over Ferguson High School, with a score of 12 to 0.

In the next scheduled game, with Smith Academy, October 30th, great skill was displayed by both teams. The fight was well contested, and it seemed, at times, that either team would be victorious, but finally our opponents scored a touchdown, and, at the end of the game the score was in their favor, 7 to 0.

But Webster was not doomed to many defeats, for the players set in to practice with a determination to win, and the scores of the next two games, 35 to 0 against Christian Brothers College Academic, November 10th, and 24 to 0 against Ranken Trade School, November 14th, showed the reward given to these sturdy warriors for their incessant work.

Although the Orange and Black Team of 1914 had a total of 34 points scored against it during the season, it scored a total of 77 points over its opponents, and it will ever be ranked in the History of the School as a banner team.

ALVAH W. CLAYTON, '15.

A RESUME OF THE 1915 BASKET BALL SEASON.

The glorious outcome of the 1915 Basket-Ball Season, brings back memories of the past, when Coach Roberts mustered, and put into the field, a squad of five who were never excelled in handling of the spherical. But now, a new era of professionalship brings to him the games of the past.

Basket-Ball has, up to this time, been lacking in the sports of Webster Athletics, but now, as Nature has provided us with necessities, the game has made a wonderful heading in the Athletic world. The season opened with brightened prospects, as many squads of strong, healthy, and athletic chaps filled the court for daily practice, and, as time passed, a strong and well-trained team was selected to battle against all comers of the season. Through his hard and conscientious labor, along with the help of the boys, Coach Roberts was able to put a strong team into the field, and those who have closely studied this team predict the most brilliant season in the history of the school, and confidently expect Webster to put forth the strongest team in the county.
Why?

Save a few of them and you'll realize why they put the Goddess of Liberty on a dollar...

RESULTS AT 3½ %

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CLIFTON P. LACEY, '15.

STATE CHAMPION RELAY TEAM, 1914.
D. Sheldon. C. Lacey. Irland. Booth

WEBSTER vs. KIRKWOOD.

THE Webster Five ended its successful Basket-Ball career with a smashing victory over Kirkwood, taking two out of three games played, for the County Championship. The teams were well matched, thus making the games very interesting and very well attended.

The first game, scheduled for the night of April 5th, was played at the Webster High Gym, and many loyal rooters turned out for the first game in the series. Time was called at eight o'clock, and both teams were on the floor, ready for the struggle. A few side glances from the coach, and the Orange-and-Blacks were on the move. From the first five minutes of play, the Webster boys made it evident to the visitors that victory was not meant for them. When time was called for the first half, Webster led, with a score of 14 to 7. The boys were called away for a few moments of secret conspiracy, only to return with a vow to wipe up everything before them. In the second half, it became a plain fact to Kirkwood that regular basket-ball tactics would be of no avail to them, so, returning to their natural nature, knock-out tactics were used; but the "Ref" was too quick for them, disqualifying one of the players after catching him in the act. This mishap put the damper on our neighbors' habits, and
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the game progressed, afterwards, with undue attention given to such tactics. The second half was a great rally for the Webster Five, and the score was running high when time was called, giving victory to Webster, with a score standing 30 to 9.

It was the desire of Kirkwood to play the next game on a neutral court; so the Pikers’ Court, at W. U., was selected for the scene of the next battle. The backbone of the Webster team was its “nearforwards” and homeguards, and so to this a splendid crowd of rooters filled the Pikers’ Gym. This game was exceedingly close; at the end of the first half, the score stood 14 to 12 in Webster’s favor; not enough, however, to keep the tide from turning in the second half. The last half of the game was very close, and exceedingly fast, both teams breaking even, 26 to 26, when time was called. It was decided that the team scoring two points would win the game. To Webster’s dismay, and through Kirkwood’s sly-handed work, the latter scored a field goal, giving them the game, 28 to 26.

This game, the Orange-and-Blacks never forgot, and they made it known to those whom it concerned, that another defeat was impossible, and that a faster and more clever game would turn defeat into victory. A few days of good, hard practice, along with several hours of debating, put the Orange-and-Blacks back on the Pikers’ Court, anxious for the moment when victory would be theirs. On the night of April 19th, the team had a wonderful backing by its loyal rooters, and, when time was called for the final game, everyone was intensely quiet; but, as the game advanced, it was hard for the onlookers to keep their seats. Wonderful skill was shown by both teams, the half closing with Kirkwood in the lead, 10 to 9. The splendid work by the Webster boys in the second half showed their strong will power and desiring attitude to turn a close defeat into an overwhelming defeat. The second half ended with a score of 23 to 17, in Webster’s favor, which gave to Webster their just desert, the County Championship.

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When the Class of 1915 entered the Webster Groves High School four years ago it found no gymnasium or place wherein it might exhibit its sporting ability. However, the new addition to the school was started during the second year of its career. The Class of '15 offered a team, and the other classes followed their example. During the Inter-Class games, the team of '16 and that of '15 proved to be best. After a final game, a close and hard fight, the team of '15 won, and held the championship of the school. The school team was chosen from the Sophomore and Junior teams, and two interscholastic games—at Kirkwood and at Clayton—were played. The team won both, exhibiting good work, and it also appeared promising for future years.

At the opening of the school year, September, 1914, the Freshmen brought with them a splendid basketball team that had had good practice in grammar school. The Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors have played a few games this year, but, in comparison with last year, little interest has been shown. The school team has played one game this year, and won by a close margin. Their opponents were six girls representing Y. W. C. A. The score was 16—13. There will be an interscholastic tennis tournament held this year, and it is hoped that Webster will be represented as usual. It is the wish of many of the girls that in the future the girls may be able to take a more prominent part in athletics, as it is a benefit to them as well as an honor to the school.

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